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ART MUSEUMS TO COOPERATE WITH SCHOOLS BY HENRY W. KENT

THERE is growing interest among the principals and teachers of New York City in the plan broached by Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke at a meeting of the Principals' Club to establish cooperation between the public schools and the Metropolitan Art Museum. Last year the superintendents considered the plan and it failed of adoption by a narrow margin. Last summer, however, the superintendents decided to give the subject their attention once more, and it is possible that steps will be taken this school year to carry out the idea. The teachers who are interested in this plan will find a valuable argument in an article, "Art Museums and Schools," in the June number of the *Educational Review*, by Henry W. Kent, assistant secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is no secret that Mr. Kent originated and formulated the plan which Sir Purdon presented before the Principals' Club. He conceived his plan some years ago, and, with experience in the museums in Boston, New York and elsewhere, he has been enabled to devise practical means of connecting the schools and museums which should commend themselves to the teachers.

Mr. Kent in his article treats the art museum as a "prodigious educational engine." There are, as he says, in every city thousands of teachers and pupils within the radius of the museum's possible influence. "The art museum," he says, "has only to ally itself to the school system, slowly, carefully and surely, to find countless recipients of its bounty and supporters of its aim." Mr. Kent thinks that "it is difficult to overestimate the value to the museum of such a body of friends as efficient work with the schools will draw to it in a few years. Among the thousands who will come to the museum, under skilful guidance, many will find in it mental refreshment and suggestions which will widen the horizon of their lives, suggestions or incentives of life work, or, better still, for life's play. These will become its active friends." Mr. Kent thinks that it is doubtful at present whether "more than 1 per cent. of the teachers of any of our cities have a clear appreciation of the value of the kind of education, for themselves and for their pupils, which a museum can furnish; there may be 4 per cent. who have a vague idea that something might be and ought to be done along this line, while 95 per cent. would regard a visit to the museum as almost time wasted, as a thing to be done, if done at all, simply because ordered by the board of education." Therefore Mr. Kent concludes that "the cooperation of the public school system with the museum must be gained by definite instruction of its teachers as well as its pupils." Mr. Kent presents the following plan:

Plans for the instruction of children in any new subject may be approved by the president of the board of education, the superintendent and the principals of the public schools, but they cannot be made effective by them; they cannot be put into active and successful operation until the demand for the subject to be taught has been felt and understood by the teachers. The creation of such a demand can only be brought about by the constant and judi-

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EDITED BY FITZROY CARRINGTON

The July Number of THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY is now ready. It contains the following illustrated articles :

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cious supervision of the work by persons who are trained in such work, and who have the matter at heart. Public-school workers themselves recognize the importance of this principle and adapt themselves to it in introducing subjects which they desire to add to the curriculum—subjects such as manual training in its various branches, music and art. For this work they create the office of "supervisor."

To introduce into the school, then, the subject of museum instruction, by which is meant the habit of museum going, the cultivation of the appreciation of the objects in the museum, and the application of what is there learned to the pleasure of life or the business of life, it will be necessary to proceed along the line adopted by boards of education and teachers, and to create the office in the school system of "supervisor of museum instruction and appreciation." The person to fill such a position as this must be one who understands art and its application to the art of living and of work, who understands the art of teaching, who is familiar with the public-school system and its curriculum, and who sees the way in which the study of the museum collections may be made to fit into the general scheme of instruction.

In its outline the duties that would be required of a supervisor of museum work would be somewhat as follows: With the cooperation of the president and board of education, superintendent, principal, and, with the other supervisors of this and that subject, to arrange for the place of the museum visits and instruction in the curriculum; then to train certain of the teachers in all grades, and by teaching and example, alone and in presence of the class, to give model instruction in, as well as enthusiasm for, his subject. The subjects with which this museum work would be coordinated would be chiefly English history, and drawing and design, and the results of instruction in and visits to the museum would probably first show in compositions. The instruction would, as just implied, include visits to the museum, first with teachers, who would be taught an appreciation of what they see and to whom would be explained the several ways in which any given subject could be used in their work; and later with the pupils, to whom would be shown, in the manner of model teaching, the objects which had already been referred to in the classroom, or which were to be made the subject of future questions or compositions.

Among teachers who have been approached on the subject of how to make the museum useful to public schools, there is found a general desire for lectures. This seems to come to them as the easiest solution of the problem, and, so far as it relates to themselves, it is; but this is a little aside from the work which has been set for consideration here. The subject of lectures to teachers is an important one, but one which comes under the head of lecture courses rather than public-school cooperation. Our supervisor would not begin a general campaign throughout the city. Rather, he would, having first secured his standing with superintendent, supervisors, general and special, and principals, discover here and there the teachers already equipped by training and temperament to understand the object he has in mind. Working first with these and their pupils he would gradually extend his work as op-



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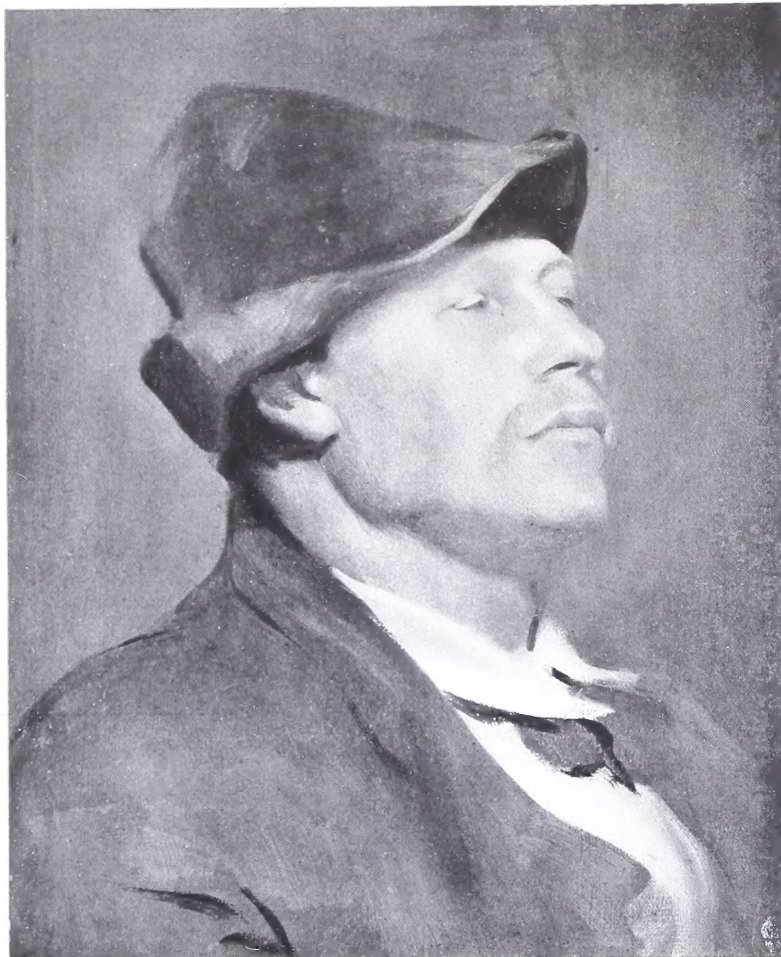
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portunity offered, giving it greater definiteness and efficiency as time went on. Casual visits, as now, would not be discouraged; many of them might be made to fit at once in some degree into the general plan. But always would be kept in mind the purpose of developing a system of museum instruction which would so demonstrate its value that it would become gradually an integral part of the course of instruction in our schools.

WHEN VELASQUEZ PAINTED FOR ELEVEN DOLLARS A MONTH

DON CASPAR DE GUZMAN, Conde-Duque d'Olivarez, born in Rome in 1587, became the first minister of Philip IV in 1621, was dismissed in 1643 after a career of mismanagement, and died in exile two years later, writes W. Stanton Howard, in *Harper's Magazine*. A patron of painters, it was through him that Velasquez at twenty-four became court painter to the young king at eighteen. In return Velasquez painted a number of portraits for his protector. The notable example, which has recently been presented to the Hispanic Museum of New York, was painted when Velasquez was about twenty-five years old, shortly after he came to court.

The canvas, measuring 51 by 85 inches, came from Capt. Robert S. Holford, of London, in whose possession it had long been held, after having passed through the Baillie sale in 1858, when it sold for £598 10s., and the Scarisbrick sale in 1861, when it sold for £262 10s., very moderate sums compared to the surprising figure said to have been paid for it recently. At the time it was painted Velasquez was receiving \$11 a month for his services as court painter.

MANY French painters, and perhaps others, have the excellent habit of painting from the figure as an exercise, a daily gymnastic practice, says John LaFarge in his "Higher Life in Art." (The McClure Company.) And so Father Corot liked to continue his habit of studio study from the model whom he took as he or she might turn up. Most of them were vulgar little beings, and sometimes they are mere people painted in the studio, and sometimes they are nymphs or beings of higher nature challenging our memories of the most superior idealization. The great Ingres would not look at the figures of Corot, but his great pupil, Flandrin, said of them: "They have something which specialists have never been able to put into theirs." Corot has explained somewhat the cause of this exceptional quality, exceptional among all painters of figures, by this account—he allowed his model to move as much as he or she liked. The models of his studio could do very much as they liked and move about as if in their own place. Some correct person having alluded to these liberties of some one of them, Corot answered: "Why, it's exactly that restlessness that I like in that girl; I am not a specialist doing a thing piece by piece, my aim is to express life and therefore I need a model that shall not keep still."

PAUL DE LONGPRÉ, from boyhood a painter of flowers, died in June at his home, which stood in one of the most luxuriant gardens of Hollywood, a small place outside of Los Angeles, Cal.

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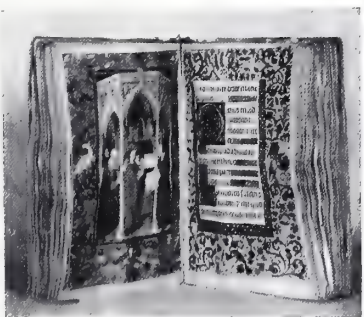
THE retrospective exhibition of the decorative arts recently held by the Copley Society, Boston, admirably met the requirements of such an undertaking.



Copley Society Exhibition, 1911

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Copley Society Exhibition, 1911

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On the right and left, upon entering the hall, were cases of silver work of the best types. Beyond these were rare and beautiful books and bindings, consisting of medieval works delicately illuminated, examples of fine sixteenth and seventeenth-century printing, and embossed and inlaid leather bindings, etc.



Copley Society Exhibition, 1911

OLD CHINESE JADES

Beyond the central cases for porcelains were the collections of metal work, wrought iron, copper, silver and gold and jewelry, and around the hall and upon the stage were richly carved and decorated pieces of furniture—French, Italian, Spanish and Dutch—in fact, of many periods and styles, excepting the Georgian and Colonial.

On the stage were two casement windows of stained glass, with transoms above. This glass was German and dated 1516, and is very finely painted. There were also several panels of Italian Renaissance stained glass, delicately drawn.



Copley Society Exhibition, 1911

EXAMPLES OF ANTIQUE LACE

With so great a variety of objects there could be little or no attempt at classification or installation according to period, excepting in such cases as those of the Georgian work shown in Allston Hall and the New England collection in the room at the right; but the rare and beautiful quality of the work was admirably decorative, and exemplified the fact that the best in art, however varied in character the objects associated may be, is harmonious in general effect.

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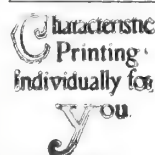
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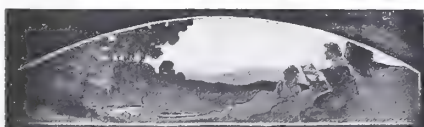
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He returned to the United States early in the 70's, and after a short stay in Boston he left for California, where he remained the rest of his days, with the exception of several trips to Europe.

Mr. Charles Keeler, a close friend of the artist, gives the following characterization of him:

"The judgment of a friend may seem to be lacking in that impassionate estimate of an artist's worth which we demand of a critic, but in the cold and formal analysis of the stranger there is certain to be even less truth.

"What a work of art may mean for any of us depends very largely upon what we have to contribute to its appreciation. Any great work of art is like nature, unfathomable in the richness of its content. Its meaning varies with the personality of the beholder, and with his mood. Its message cannot be grasped in its complete fullness. It is a veil of glory, shrouding the infinite.

"Of such nature are the noblest pictures from the brush of Keith, and for this reason do I venture to rank him with the greatest of painters—with those who have labored long and lovingly to express the Word of God as it has come to them in a cloud of glory, with those who have had not merely craft of hand but also grace of heart, and who have made the world richer in beauty, as in insight into the mysteries of Nature and its Creator."

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION CONTEST CLOSED

IN THE reading columns of the May INTERNATIONAL STUDIO it was stated that the contest for the design for the official trademark of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition would close on October 15. Our attention has been called to the fact that this contest began in August, 1910, and closed October 15, 1910. This announcement is made at the request of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company, so as to avoid misunderstanding and unnecessary work.

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The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. XLIV. No. 174

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AUGUST, 1911

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, PICTORIAL
PHOTOGRAPHER
BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

IS PICTORIAL photography to be considered one of the arts? I contend that it is. And to those who are sensible to beauty in whatever guise it comes I believe the accompanying illustrations to this article, selected from a long series of prints made by Mr. Stieglitz in the course of his twenty-five years of photography, will confirm my contention, despite the oft-reiterated statement of painters and many writers on art that nothing worthy of the name can possibly be produced with a machine. These latter have fostered the idea, long since accepted by the public and now worshipped as a fetich, that whatever is made by hand must necessarily be art, forgetting the while that the few authentic things in art are the product of

the same fine intelligence and delicate perception that may choose the camera as its medium of communicating to the world what it sees and feels; that it is a matter of brains, not brushes, and that where the artist is there art will be.

This insistence upon brush marks as technique and technique as art has been the great stumbling block to people seeing and enjoying for themselves what is inherently beautiful, without regard to what is right or what is wrong, until many, wholly befuddled and discomfited by all this cant and humbug about what is art, take refuge in that back alley of individual discernment: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," which is, perhaps, just as wise as the people who know all about what is art, but don't know what they like when they see it. For both of these—and they constitute a large part of the much-talked-of "art-loving public"—pictorial photogra-



WET DAY ON THE BOULEVARD

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Alfred Stieglitz

phy is more or less a delusion and a snare. It is too new, too recent, too much a real part of the logical development of contemporary life and comes a bit too proudly and unconventionally to be understood and accepted of its own time.

As a little clue I would simply throw out the observation that the highest expression of the imaginative and inventive genius of our time, especially of the best creative minds of America, is the machine, in all its beautiful simplicity and coordinate complexity; in it we find our sonnets, our epics, and therein lies expressed eloquently the true greatness of our age. Why, then, shouldn't some of our most sensitive, progressive and, in the best sense, truly modern minds find in this exquisitely sensitive machine, the camera, an instrument responsive as none other to express what they feel and see of the beauty and glory of life? Yours, gentle but stubborn reader, is the onus, not mine, and I leave you to answer it as best you may. As for me, the work of Alfred Stieglitz confirms in the most positive fashion that photography is such a medium of expression. In his work is admirably illustrated the evolution of pictorial photography, from its most tentative struggle for self-expression down to its most recent achievements that are

today astonishing the world. He has been its constant champion and most enthusiastic and intelligent expounder. From the very beginning of his work in photography he has insisted on its recognition as a new medium of individual expression and its present status is in no small degree due to his untiring efforts.

Born in Hoboken, N. J., in 1864, of German parents, he was sent at an early age to study mechanical engineering at the Polytechnic in Berlin. Here he became acquainted with Professor Vogel, chief of the Photo-Chemical Laboratory, with whom he studied the science and chemistry of photography. It was not long before he gave up engineering to devote all his time and thought to this comparatively new science with an absorbing earnestness and enthusiasm that aroused comment. He performed all the tasks assigned to him with more than German thoroughness, working fourteen hours a day in the laboratory, until he had mastered the underlying science of his art. His work began to attract attention and one day the great Menzel commented favorably upon his audacity in attempting to do with the camera what the painter was then attempting with the brush. Stieglitz had made a story-telling picture, which in interest and composition aroused the old painter's enthusiastic commendation, chiefly because it was done with a camera, however, and not at all because it occurred to him that the result was a work of art, as judged by the accepted art canons of the day. Stieglitz promptly resented this patronizing attitude on the part of the painter, insisting that photography be considered solely on its own merits, like any other work of art, which was laughed at as altogether absurd. To him many of these photographs were as good as certain paintings of the day, which were highly esteemed because of their faithful *photographic* rendering of the facts of life, and he saw little difference between the two, except that much of this greatly admired painting was to him very poor photography.

He made a portrait of a man who was also being painted, and it was obvious that the photograph was better than the painting, yet the latter was applauded as a work of art, while his photograph was used surreptitiously to correct the painter's deficiencies of observation. To Stieglitz the result was the thing, and then and there began his fight for the recognition of photography as an additional medium of expression. In reality it was much more than that—it was a campaign against the empty pretensions and accepted conventions



WINTER ON FIFTH AVENUE

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Alfred Stieglitz



SPRING

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

which was destined to exert a powerful influence on art. It was part of the same thing that Whistler was then fighting for, only attacked from a different angle. Whistler contended that mere representation was not to be considered as art, and every canvas from his brush was a protest against this fallacy. To him the power of synthetic visualization was the prime factor in a work of art. Stieglitz came along and maintained that if these nose-near copies of nature were art, then photography, which did the same thing much better, must also be considered art. Here the extremes meet, and it would seem that Stieglitz did much to help the case of Whistler, who, by the way, in his frank praise of the work of D. O. Hill, the Scotch painter-photographer, was one of the first to accord recognition to pictorial photography.

Stieglitz enforced the lesson that a mere ability to copy forms correctly does not constitute an artist, though for a long time this microscopic, matter-of-fact reproduction of the appearances of things has been regarded as the sole function of photography, and what was generally accepted and admired as one of the cardinal virtues of

painting was just as generally regarded as one of the cardinal vices when accomplished with the inimitable certainty of the camera. And if Stieglitz had done nothing more than this there would be no particular reason for writing about him and his work. He would then merely be one of many who have misused the camera in precisely the same manner as countless thousands make a travesty of painting with their inept, matter-of-fact productions that pass for *art*. In his early work he demonstrated in a series of story-telling pictures, such as *The Truant*, *Music in the Tyrol* and *Back from the Hunt*, that photography could successfully compete with the anecdotal pictures painted by Meyer von Bremen, Verbroeckhoven, Achenbach and Sir John Gilbert, whose works were then the vogue. In a large measure this accounts for the widespread interest aroused by these early photographs. Their main virtue consisted in exhibiting most of the faults of the generally accepted art of the day and both artists and public promptly accorded him their praise. However, I am inclined to believe that these conventionally arranged story-telling pic-

Alfred Stieglitz



GOING TO THE POST

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

tures were not an expression of his innate pictorial point of view. Rather, they appear to have been made with a special purpose, to confound the carping, sneering critics of photography by refuting their oft-repeated contention that this sort of thing could be done only by the painter. That he soon tired of conventional picture making is strikingly shown in a series of photographs made during a sojourn in Italy and Switzerland, where he photographed the street urchins and peasants who appealed to him because of their naive simplicity.

This journey resulted in an interesting series of prints that reveal an instinctive sense of selection, a sort of intuitive feeling for composition, as expressive as it is unhackneyed. This is admirably shown in a picture of a group of women, in kneeling postures, washing clothes on the shore of a mountain lake. This print, made back in 1887, is characterized by the same unostentatious directness, the same forthrightness which has come to be the distinguishing mark of all his work. In treatment and subject matter it is related to his *Fifth Avenue Bus*, made in 1893, and his *Hand of Man*, made a little later. It is an episode out of the life of the day, treated with all the truthfulness of photography. In this, as in his later work, there is no attempt to win cheap renown by fuzzy-wuzzy methods of printing or developing. It is the straightest kind of straight photography, in which the elements of light and natural, sponta-

neous arrangement, such as one may find by assiduously observing nature, has been carefully studied. In the same year as the foregoing appeared a wayside scene on the Italian roads, called *A Good Joke*, which showed a group of boys and girls of varying ages, bubbling over with merriment, which is not of the theatrical, "Please-look-pleasant" sort. In its spontaneous, unaffected naturalness of pose, gesture and expression this print furnishes a remarkable proof of Mr. Stieglitz's unerring sense of the right moment and his ability to take advantage of it. Executed with an old-fashioned tripod camera, before the days of the snapshot kodak, it immediately attracted general attention and was promptly awarded the first prize in the "Holiday Work Competition" by Dr. P. H. Emerson, of London, then the leading authority on photography. This was the beginning of a long series of prizes and medals awarded him, which today number up in the hundreds.

Wherever his work was shown it aroused comment by reason of its fine technical qualities and its very individual and personal point of view. Wherever he went he found material out of the life of the people, breaking new ground and opening the eyes of the world to hitherto unsuspected pictorial possibilities of seemingly impossible places. Having done this, he has been satisfied, and left the exploitation of his discoveries to his more strenuous followers, who have not infrequently reaped the laurels. Thus, in his fine, austere impressive print called *The Bridge*, made in 1888, showing a scene from Chioggia, a large fishing village some distance from Venice, he pointed the way for Coburn, Kuhn and Steichen, as he did later for many painters with his *Katwyk* series, which discovered this picturesque little Dutch fishing village to the world of art. One of the most interesting of this series, called *Scurrying Home*, made in 1894, was purchased by the government for the National Gallery at Brussels, and his *Gossip at Katwyk*, shown in the Exhibition of Graphic Arts in Munich in 1896, was signaled out by Lenbach for special comment. In 1889 he was awarded the highest honors at the Berlin Jubilee Exhibition, together with the foremost men in his profession.

There were not wanting those who were inclined to attribute his early successes to the picturesque scenes through which he traveled in foreign countries, a fallacy not infrequently indulged in by many of our painters who seek inspiration in Venice, in Fontainebleau, in Spain and Holland, because some one else in accord with the spirit of

Alfred Stieglitz

these places has succeeded in extracting something of their innate charm and beauty. But Stieglitz soon upset this theory by revealing to us the unsuspected beauty of "ugly New York." He opened the eyes of artists and laymen alike to the pictorial possibilities of despised Manhattan. His *Winter—Fifth Avenue*, made in 1893, created a sensation, not only in photographic circles, but in the world of art, and blazed the way for a whole school of painters, who set themselves the task of depicting the streets and life of New York. No one has felt the throb and pulsating life of the metropolis more keenly than he, and night and day, summer and winter, in sunshine, in storms and wet weather he was to be seen out with his camera. When others had packed their machines away for the winter he was out getting his finest results, standing for three hours in one spot in a February blizzard awaiting the right moment, which finally rewarded him with that fine print, already referred to, called *Winter—Fifth Avenue*, which is conceded to be the first successful attempt at pictorial winter photography. The *Wet Day on the Boulevard* opened up a new field to pictorial photography, as did *The Plaza at Night*, made in 1898, which was the first night photograph made with the introduction of life. These were followed by *The Street, Fifth Avenue*, *Spring Showers, New York*; *Icy Night, Central Park*; *From My Window, New York*; *Going to the Post, Morris Park*, a spirited and finely conceived racing scene; *The Flatiron, New York*, and the *Railroad Yard, Winter, New York*, and *The Hand of Man*, two totally different interpretations of a similar subject, which again revealed his unerring pictorial sense in a hitherto unexploited field.

His exhibition of some eighty odd prints at the Camera Club of New York in 1899 proved a revelation of originality in conception and of the most exemplary technical mastery in the execution that at once established his position as one of the greatest living pictorial photographers. However, he has not only been a pioneer in discovering the pictorial possibilities in long-neglected places; his lantern slide experiments and his researches in the science and chemistry of photography have been many and important. It is not within the province of a brief essay to dwell upon other than a few of the most valuable of Mr. Stieglitz's contributions to the advancement of photography. In his photograph called *A Portrait*, made in 1885, he was the first to use platinum printing in Germany, and in the same year he introduced the toning of aristo paper with platinum in a print called *A*



SPRING SHOWERS

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

German Country Road. As he was the first amateur to employ exclusively color-sensitive plates, so he was also the first to solve the difficulties of uranium toning of platinotypes, the results of his experiments being published in the *American Amateur Photographer*, as well as various other

Alfred Stieglitz



REFLECTIONS—SAVOY HOTEL

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

discoveries important to the technique of photography, while his writings and talks on photography have constituted a not inconsiderable part of his work in winning for it its present measure of recognition.

No estimate of the life and work of Alfred Stieglitz would be complete, however, without some reference to his activities as a publisher of the quarterly, *Camera Work*, which is pronounced by those competent to judge as the finest example of book making produced in this country. From its inception, in 1903, this has been the most sumptuous publication devoted to the cause of pictorial photography published anywhere. In format, typography and, above all, in its superb photogravure illustrations, reproducing in facsimile the best achievements of the foremost pictorial photographers throughout the world, it has established an ideal of perfection as yet unequaled by any one. It has materially helped to raise the standard of photogravure in this country as well as abroad, contributing not a little toward bringing this medium into its present favor again as a means of reproduction. It has also served as a potent incentive to such men as Coburn, Kuhn and Craig

Annan to employ photogravure as a direct medium of individual expression, thereby broadening the scope and possibilities of pictorial photography. In this, as in other phases of his work, Stieglitz has been an innovator, a ceaseless experimenter, and the unusually fine plates in *Camera Work* are in no small degree due to methods introduced by him outside of the ordinary procedure of photogravure. It only remains to add that, in text as well as in the quality of its plates, *Camera Work* has revealed the unique character of its editor, who has shown an unexampled hospitality to new ideas, however strange and fantastic they may appear to the casual reader. Within its pages will be found such cameos of perfect expression as Sadakichi Hartmann's *White Chrysanthemum*, as well as many of the inimitable, vagrom essays on art and life of Benjamin de Casseres, both outcasts in the domain of art and letters.

I might refer to Mr. Stieglitz's work as director of the Photo Secession, to which he has given seven years of unremitting attention, if the extent and importance of this work did not at once place it outside the scope of a brief essay such as this. Carried on with unwonted enthusiasm and abne-

Alfred Stieglitz



GOSSIP: KATWYK

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

gation, this work has at last won for pictorial photography a measure of recognition such as even the most sanguine had never thought possible. The exhibitions of photography and other mediums of expression, such as the etchings of Willi Geiger, the drawings and water colors by Matisse, the lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and the drawings by Rodin, the water colors of Cezanne, the drawings and water colors of Picasso, to mention only a few of the unusual art events held at the Little Galleries, constitute one of the most brilliant and remarkable series of exhibitions ever held in any individual gallery in this country. As initiating a new spirit in the art life of New York this phase of Mr. Stieglitz's activities is worthy of separate consideration.

As may be inferred, Mr. Stieglitz is no willy-nilly snapshot fiend, bombarding the world with machine-gun rapidity. As often as not he returns home with his plates unexposed, failing to find what he set out to get. He has an infinite capacity for taking pains, but he scouts the idea that this is indicative of genius. His photographs are not experiments. They are the consummations of carefully thought-out pictorial possibilities, the result of long observation. After he has carefully studied a subject he will return to it time and again, waiting for days and months with unflinching patience for the particular effect de-

sired. Thus, there is a certain sense of finality about his best prints that comes from his having discovered what is innately characteristic in a subject; he has recorded its abiding spirit. The "You press the button and we do the rest" type of photography is not included in this category. There is something more here than a tank-developed snapshot.

To the man conversant with the technique of photography there are a hundred and one possibilities in the mere developing of a plate. By means of restrainers and forcing baths used locally he can control and regulate the tonal values to a relative truthfulness that shall approximate the delicate tonality of nature. In producing a print the same is true. It is not a sun-baked affair like a thousand of brick, but a delicately manipulated result in which all the nuances of light and shade in the negative have been recorded with skill and discrimination. For this reason two prints by Stieglitz are seldom alike. Just as Whistler remarked to Menpes that he had his good days for printing etchings, when every manipulation of the plate was accomplished with consummate ease, so the photographic prints of Stieglitz reflect the fluctuations of his temperament and reveal to an astonishing degree the flexibility of this so-called "mechanical" medium of personal expression.

J. N. L.



FIFTH AVENUE IN WINTER
BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

SOME RECENT WATER-COLOURS
BY EDWIN ALEXANDER,
A.R.S.A., R.W.S.

IT requires a fine and ever-present sense of proportion to live among mole-hills without regarding them as mountains, and in art it is not easy to push your explorations far into the minor phenomena of nature without losing the relationship between beauty in small things and nature's larger themes. Yet it is precisely this relationship that Mr. Edwin Alexander is so successful in observing in his drawings. One cannot think of any other artist whose view, of bird-life, say, is so little taxidermic, or whose art in the intimation of detail is so suggestive of the affinity with nature's whole design. This sort of success is of course determined by an attitude of mind, it is not the sort of success that can be planned. One has only to look at such a picture as Mr. Alexander's *The River Mouth* (p. 96), with its sense of distance and of loneliness, to have it, in his case, fully explained; such responsiveness to the mood of nature, since it is in his power, will not forsake the artist when he brings his attention down to detail.

Two kinds of love of nature seem to run side by side, finding expression in painting; there is the love of every mood in nature itself, of which the clamorous birds are but a well-loved part; and there is that other frame of mind which some artists seem to share with our scientists, if one may judge from their pictures, in which the landscape is as impassionate as a drop-scene to the drama of bird and insect life. If we distinguish clearly between the two classes, we shall unhesitatingly place Mr. Alexander with the first, though it allows him few companions among contemporary animal painters. And it is necessary to classify the character of his art thus, before we try to determine the place of the niche that fame reserves for him, as one who really has an art. Every lover of art finds out the rarity of artists, even among painters. There must be that loyalty to emotion, shown in careful expression, without which loyalty to anything else is irrelevant to art.

Never in history have birds, or any animals, received such flattery from the human race as they do now. Bullfinches, goldfinches, young brown owls, and all the rest of them are posed for their portraits; the services of the best artists are enlisted, and they have frames all to themselves



"MICE"

(The property of Mrs. Walter Jones of Hurlingham)

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER

Edwin Alexander, A.R.S.A., R.W.S.

and backgrounds designed to throw into relief their fine feathers, and when their heads are turned, the movement is noted and extravagantly praised again in art. We do not know how this has affected the creatures themselves, but the reaction upon the artists is visible. Only in exchange for extravagant admiration have the less apparent characteristics of animal life been shown more fully to men; and there has sprung up a new kind of animal picture in which such artists as Mr. Edwin Alexander and Mr. Joseph Crawhall excel, and in which the obvious is passed over in favour of a studied deference to the thousand and one little idiosyncrasies of manner upon which animals of the same species rest their claims to an individuality. As in these days such an elaboration of the knowledge of every part of life proceeds, to the end of an enriched sense of life altogether, art itself increases its affluence, and the infinite possibilities that yet further await it frame themselves into a faith.

There is something surprising in the willingness of man to sit, as described above, at the feet of animals, but it is of a piece with the humility with which every kind of knowledge begins—and not only *begins*, for a reflection of it is conveyed in a letter before the writer as he pens these lines, in which Mr. Alexander briefly expresses himself in regard to painting. “The more

one goes on—or rather as one gets older,” he says, “the less one cares to make definite statements.” Of course where, in this respect, the artist refrains, it is not for us to rush in, though we like making definite statements. He continues: “I feel more inclined to try to learn from others than to attempt to teach them”—a sentiment not without charm from one whose fluency of style in painting is so enviable.

Apropos of Mr. Alexander's first remark, just quoted, we may state that the artist was born in Edinburgh in 1870. It is interesting to note that with the exception of a few months in Paris his art education was also received at the School of Art in Edinburgh, and since the age of sixteen he has exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he is an Associate. After his election to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour just over ten years ago, when he was barely thirty, nearly all his work has been sent to the exhibitions of these two societies. A sojourn of three years in Egypt, the painter tells us, was one of the strongest influences upon his outlook upon things, though at the time production itself was almost suspended.

One must not forget Mr. Alexander as landscape painter, though in so far as the writer has had an opportunity of studying his art in this aspect, each scene had a general character which could best be



“IONA”

(The property of R. M. Lindsay, Esq., Dundee)

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER



"A WINTER DAY." BY EDWIN ALEXANDER



"GOLDFINCH" BY EDWIN ALEXANDER
(The property of A. J. Finch, Esq.)

described perhaps in the phrase "a sanctuary for birds," a fact not altogether without significance. But we are dealing with a very versatile artist. One has but to remember the passionately minute delineation of plant life that has also formed so large a part of his work to perceive that his enthusiasm for nature is as comprehensive as it is fervent. In art it is that which has been done with pleasure that imparts pleasure; an acknowledgment that pleasure has been given is an acknowledgment of art.

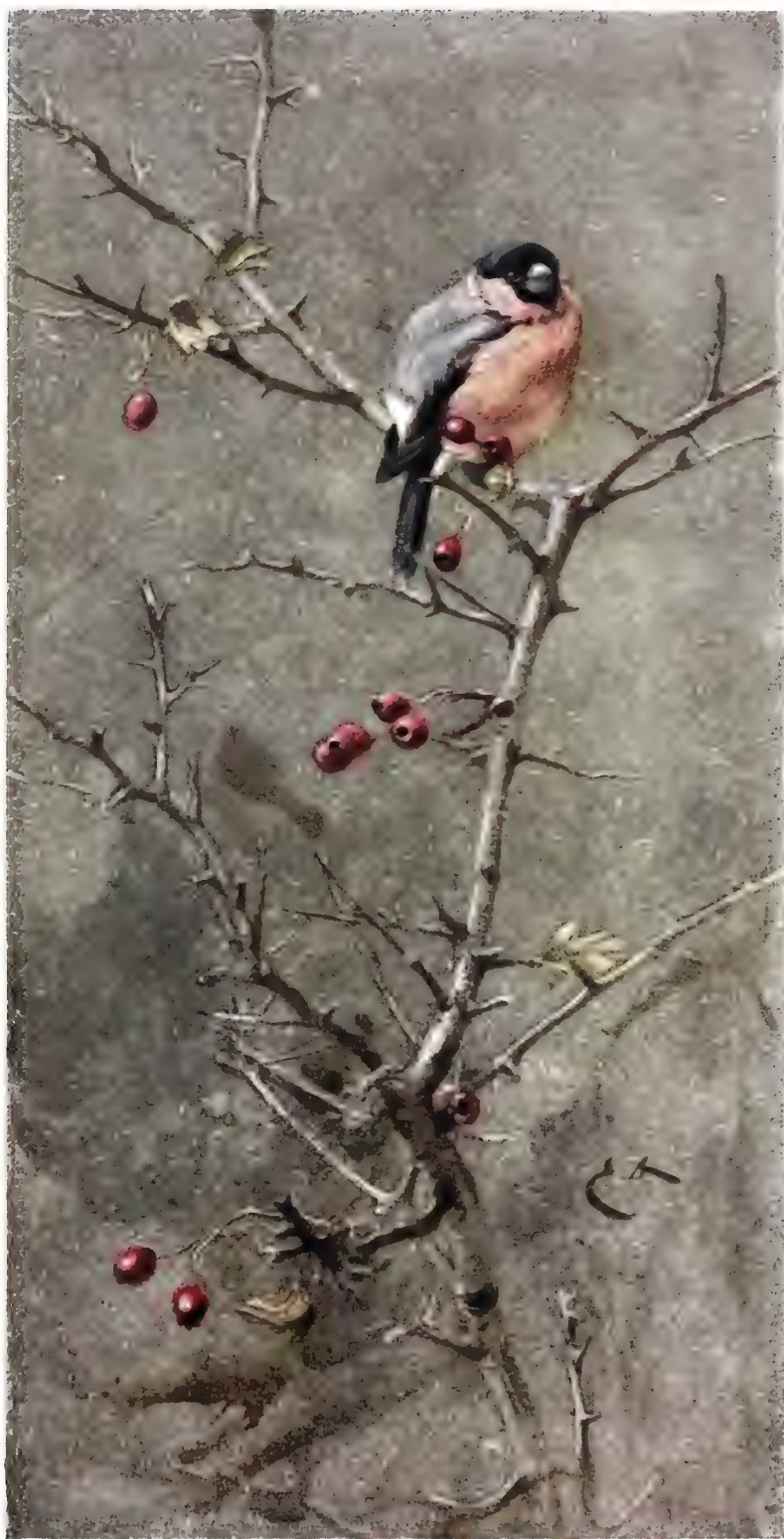
As a rule, the artist who is fascinated by detail halts too long at local colour, his vision seems held at certain points and is tempted to magnify them at the expense of everything else, but with Mr. Alexander there is a certain swiftness in the style that touches detail with the right emphasis in passing and carries us on to its relationship with a

general effect. In the best art there is always a curious relationship between style and subject, and surely the touch should be light that lingers at detail which the eye of all but a scientist would treat casually. Yet how very few painters of the smaller phenomena of nature have found this out! Such things are not, of course, found out by contemplation but by instinct of a kind. In the mysterious recondite course to his undetected aims an artist finds his way as a bird to its nest; the route is to be followed but not to be defined. Between desire and result the processes at work are so involved that they resist the examinations even of self-criticism, and the constant attempts of outside criticism to interpret this mysterious province are like attempts to take a watch to pieces with a stonemason's chisel.

There has always been a certain slightness in



"THISTLE" BY EDWIN ALEXANDER
(The property of Mrs. Walter Jones)



*(In the possession of
R. Heywood Thompson, Esq.)*

"BULLFINCH." FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING
BY EDWIN ALEXANDER, A.R.S.A., R.W.S.

The Salon of the Artistes Français



"NORTH SANDS, HOLY ISLAND"

(*The property of Mrs. Walter Jones*)

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander's technique. It is an intrinsic part of the extreme economy of means by which he attains expression, and it is as far away from the slightness which touches things too superficially as the over-wrought work of a beginner is from the deliberations of a Dürer. It is the essence of what has appealed to him that he would extract, although his intentions are not, perhaps, too clearly defined to himself—the best intentions never are, and we should be going beyond our task in attempting to provide the artist with his theories. It is much more pleasant to simply record the impression his results leave upon his admirers who visit the Old Water-Colour Society's Galleries. Individuality in art is represented, and mastery within self-recognised and often self-imposed limitations is shown to the little admiring group of people that always mark the position of his pictures in the rooms. T. MARTIN WOOD.

THE Senefelder Club has met with a remarkable response to its attempt to spread an interest in artistic lithography throughout England. Besides selections of lithographs already sent to Bradford, Birmingham, Worcester, and Leeds, the Club has organised an important exhibition of past and present lithographic art now being held in the City Art Gallery, Manchester, and in the autumn a special collection of the latest work of the Club will be seen, on the invitation of the City of Liverpool, at the Walker Art Gallery.

THE SALON OF THE SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.

THE Society of French Artists is one of the oldest institutions in France, for it dates from the reign of Louis XIV., and it has continued in existence from that time down to the present year, despite passing interruptions caused by war and revolutions. Formerly this Salon was the only exhibition in which one found examples of the work of contemporary masters of the art of painting, but unfortunately, like all very old institutions, the society no longer keeps in touch with the most modern tendencies and with the trend of present-day ideas. The countless little exhibitions in the various small galleries which are so numerous in the Paris of to-day have made us rather critical of art shows, and it gives one now no great pleasure to see in the huge rooms at the Grand Palais the thousands of pictures disposed row upon row. The visitor's first impression is generally, therefore, an unfavourable one on seeing so many mediocre or at any rate second-rate paintings. But we must guard against taking too general or too superficial a view; here, as elsewhere, we must take the trouble to search out the good things, and certainly for those who will put themselves to the pains of doing so there will be a reward often in the shape of a startling or interesting discovery.

The chief interest of the recent Salon lay, to my

The Salon of the Artistes Français



"THE RIVER MOUTH"

(The property of Mrs. Walter Jones.—See preceding article)

BY EDWIN ALEXANDER

thinking, in the presence of paintings by foreign artists. The British, American, and Spanish schools were for the most part represented by works of originality which afforded a welcome relief to eyes tired with the over-familiar subjects of some of our own painters. Among the Americans, the most remarkable, both on account of his natural gifts as colourist and for his technique, was certainly Mr. Richard Miller, the painter of an excellent picture, *La Toilette*. Here were seen, on a medium-sized canvas, two women seated in a room, rendered with surprising fidelity and great sense of life and elegance. Mr. Miller makes use of a delicious range of colour on his palette, but I think he has never used it with such freshness and seductive effect as in his picture of this year.

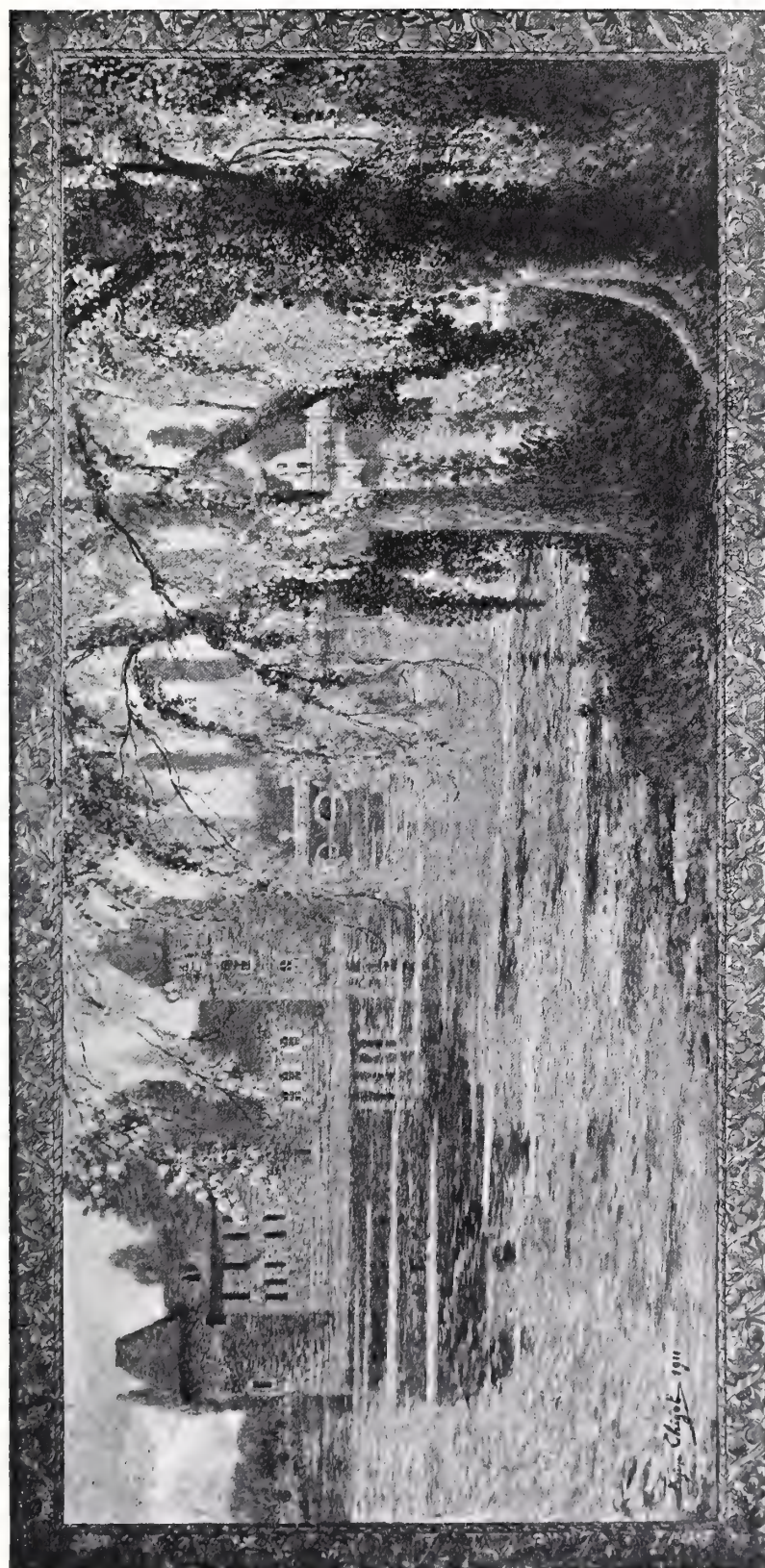
The Spanish school is also to be congratulated on having produced several works in the exhibition which were excellent and of very personal technique. First of all we had M. Vila y Prades, a remarkable pupil of Sorolla y Bastida, whose picture, a work of striking character, entitled *Les vendeuses de poteries à Séville*, has already been reproduced in *THE STUDIO* (March 1911, p. 151). After him came M. Vasquez Diaz with his *Retour de la fête del Cristo de la Voga à Tolède*, a veritable pyrotechnic display of colour. M. Carlos Vazquez is another brilliant colourist, as was attested by his two pictures *La fille prodigue* and *Les Roses ont les Epines*, though in this the artist has indulged a little in over-elaboration of detail.

There were as usual many huge paintings in the Salon. How few there were among them that

were anything more than somewhat distressing and immoderately padded-out compositions in which the artist retained no conception of all the necessary decorative qualities of a large mural painting! At the same time one did find an exception or two to this somewhat sweeping condemnation; so in Salle 1 I would mention the large ceiling by M. Calbet, destined for the theatre of Agen, and depicting the Muse of Music revealing to humanity the harmonies of nature. The work presents several excellent features, notably the painting of the figures flying through the air, in which the artist is reminiscent of Tiepolo, with whom, too, he shows similarity of colouring.

The picture of the year is a work by M. Jules Grün, the full title of which is *Un jour de Vernissage dans le Hall de la Sculpture au Salon des Artistes Français*. In this huge painting, which is among our illustrations, the artist has set himself the task of reproducing and that as faithfully as possible, the portraits of the best-known personages of the world of art in Paris. Hence it is that his work has achieved success with the general public, who are generally tired of this kind of painting, in which too often artistic merit has not been the first consideration with the painter.

Another large undertaking was that of M. Cormon, whose three ceilings and ten lunette panels for the Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts occupied an entire room at the Salon. No doubt it is difficult to judge the æsthetic merits of a decorative work when it is not seen in the position and with the lighting that it is ultimately destined to receive; nevertheless, one



“CHÂTEAU À L'AUTOMNE”
BY EUGÈNE CHIGOT

The Salon of the Artistes Français

could not but be struck in the present instance with the confused effect of M. Cormon's *ensemble*. The artist has attempted to embrace in a single composition all the varied and diverse episodes in history, with the result that when you have looked at these paintings no one form, no one vision, no one thought remains in your mind.

M. Fouqueray, who belongs to the Romantic school, is a colourist of great talent. His *Bataille navale* evinced the most charming and scholarly qualities.

Among the landscapes, certain good pictures remain in the memory. First of all the *Carcassonne*, by M. Guillemet. The composition of this work is not less happy than its tonality; the water in the foreground is painted with admirable transparency.

M. Eugène Chigot excels in the painting of water, and one finds in his work fine qualities of colouring coupled with a profound comprehension of nature. His *Château à l'automne* is a delightful work, in which the artist has found beautiful con-

trasts between the golden tints of the autumn leaves and iridescent effect of the reflections of the banks and of the façade of the château in the water in the foreground of the picture.

M. Lailhaca is as yet an unknown artist and one who cannot be said to have "arrived"; nevertheless his landscape in Salle 1 was one of the best pieces in the exhibition. The artist has painted a view of some cliffs rising out of a calm sea, and out of these simple—even banal—components he has evolved a picture noble in form and in composition.

M. Harpignies, the *doyen* not only of landscape but of painting in general in France, succeeded in astonishing us yet once more; his two landscapes bore the unmistakable imprint of the fine and robust talent of this astounding nonagenarian. I would also mention *L'Effet de soir* by M. Demont, a painter of warm and powerful harmonies; the snow landscape of Holland by M. Gorter, an excellent Netherlands artist; and the brilliant *Coucher de Soleil* by Mr. Hughes-Stanton. One noticed also the fine



"FOIRE DANS LE BERRI"

BY F. MAILLAUD



“UN JOUR DE VERNISSAGE AU SALON DES
ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.” BY JULES GRÜN



“CARCASSONNE” BY A. GUILLEMET



“SERVANTES PLIANT DU LINGE”
BY JOSEPH BAIL



“FRÈRE ET SŒUR” BY AIMÉ MOROT

American Artists in Paris

sea-piece by M. Pellegrin, an artist from Marseilles, who follows in his colouring the best traditions of the Provençal men, Ricard, Monticelli, and Ziem.

M. Maillaud has made a speciality of subjects drawn from rustic life in Le Berri, and this picturesque province furnishes him on occasion with the happiest of motifs. Such a one is his picture this year of a *Foire dans le Berri*.

One is accustomed to see numerous portraits at the Old Salon, and this year there were examples by the best-known artists, Gabriel Ferrier, François Flameng, Humbert, and others still. One of the best things was a portrait of two children by Aimé Morot, a very remarkable work. Among genre paintings one must not omit to mention an interior by Mlle. Demanche.

HENRI FRANTZ.

THE AMERICAN COLONY OF ARTISTS IN PARIS. BY E. A. TAYLOR. (SECOND ARTICLE.)

I HAVE heard it said many times that the ultra-modern artists have the most educated and intellectual followers on their side and in harmony with their interests, but examine, not even minutely, their education and intellect and one finds it but a poor one-sided affair, elementary in its new idea of evolution and world-old disbelief, preaching the simplicity of Simple Simon and ignoring the complexity of simple things. I am heartily with all modern movements that issue from a sincere belief in its ultimate good; but each new shrine must have a place for a God and not an idol. It



"LE PETIT DE L'ASSISTANCE"

BY Mlle. B. M. DEMANCHE

American Artists in Paris

is common for artists to tell you they do not care for public opinion, yet they strive their utmost to produce exhibition pictures and subscribe to press-cutting associations. In no other profession, I think, will you find so many naughty children with childish grudges instead of childlike faith. Art's demands are for bigness—great men with a great outlook even in their dreams. All that remains of a nation is its art, and our museums and picture galleries tell us more of the past history of the perishable tribes of men and are far better guideposts to the advancement of the future than all the dusty history volumes that have been written; yet it has come about that the designers of to-day and of the past—by them I mean all who follow the applied arts and crafts of use and utility, besides furnishers of our home—are held by the majority of picture painters to be without the pale of art, though I doubt not that they were the first to make picture painters possible. That it is a branch of art neglected by the modern who con-

demns the academic is evident, or he would not be so often found surrounded by his Louis XV. associations in the reign of King George and his Elizabethan constructions and furniture in Republican France. From such we cannot hope for any great art, nor again until the house and its decorations unite in a mutual progress. Art is a mind compelled by and compelling necessary elements that assist its desire to arrest for itself and others thoughts and tangible shapes. It is not a machine that can be elaborated in the chemical laboratory, though its emotions can be allowed to stagnate in narrow conceited channels, and an effort made to beat eccentricity into originality in the guise of self-expression, while to be proud of a limited and vacant mind seems proof itself of genius in much that is being done and exhibited to-day.

The Book of Nature is ever open; you can mark your own page with the creamy ebb-tide riband of surf that divides the land from the sea, and the sky



"EN MER"

BY MAX BOHM



“MÈRE ET ENFANTS ”
BY MAX BOHM

American Artists in Paris

will either lighten or shadow your page. The greatest have studied it, and the great still fondle its dim records—dreamers, poets, painters, symbolists, idealists, realists; from it came all, back to it go all, and it is for our artists to tell us what they see, not what their masters have underlined; but do not think of your imagination gathered from its leaves as a gift only for the painter and poet; appreciation is another form of it, or your songs would never be sung nor our public galleries have come into existence.

The universe knows that for commercial enterprise America is in the vanguard to-day, and what it has not touched in that sphere is of little importance, but the reaction comes as it must; life does not consist in bread alone. The knowledge of the encyclopædia is theirs, and what it lacks they can buy, save one thing—culture. I hate the word, but its seven letters insignificantly express my meaning. America is young, and the power, the ability is all there. Buying fabulously the refuse of other nation's painters will not give her it nor add an inch to her stature. She must look to her own artists, and in Paris there are many men and women producing to-day out of their new world, combined with their aptitude for European experience, work that is going to make America as great a force in art as in commerce, but you can't hustle it in trusts and syndicates or learn without sifting your experience to make brilliant spectacles on large canvases for immediate importation.

In illustrating the work of Max Bohm I will not pretend to criticise but to learn something about another whose love is in his work, which is always interesting, and to the country he has left so long should be vastly so. Many cities and villages of many lands know him, and the old proverb of the rolling stone does not count; he had a soul of retention to exploit at each journey's end, and to-day we find him still going his own way in spite of a knowledge of the ways of all others. He has

outstanding beliefs from which he never wavers, and a prominent one amongst them is that a picture should always be a decoration within the frame, and have an interior design as well as exterior, an interest that holds you apart from pattern and rhythm of line. That he has attained this is fully felt in *Golden Hours*, which was purchased last year by the Musée du Luxembourg—and also in *Mère et Enfants* in this year's Salon of the Artistes Français. You feel, too, in our coloured plate that there is something more than mere pattern and paint. The glory of medals in his case have not disturbed his progressive vision, each period of his work always retaining qualities peculiar to itself. The lover of brilliant colour and detail will not find these ordinary appeals of popularity—but only a broad treatment revealing a masterly ability in the technical side and the artist always; and for those who expect yet greater things from him I predict no disappointment from a knowledge of a large half-finished mural decoration that he is at present engaged on for the new court-house in Cleveland, Ohio.

All know the usual Breton picture of the Market—the Washerwomen and the Fishers of Concarneau, with their photographic common-



"GOLDEN HOURS"

BY MAX BOHM



PORTRAIT OF MADAME B. FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY MAX BOHM.

American Artists in Paris

placeness, but few have given us the internal feeling, emotion if you will, or sentiment if you like, of Brittany's vast undulated landscape, with its scattered villages and inherent Celtic sadness that seems to brood over the hazy low-lying hills with their sentinels of drowsy dolmens blinking at the momentary sun-rays, as they single out the spire of some humanly designed church with a Calvaire at its gateway, or dreamy with the melancholy of echoing lullabies borne from the fields of workers who are little concerned with the world beyond their own—huge men and women with brows furrowed and tanned by the sun and earth, and restricted minds illumined perhaps now and again with some past glory but living still where the implements of harvest are the reaping-

hook and the scythe. If Miss Esté feels not some such premonition in her work, then her land- and sea-scapes belie her, for in no other artist's pictures of Brittany have I seen the veiled tragic significance revealed without the symbolical costumed figure. Miss Esté is an outcome of herself, and among those who assisted her she has the greatest praise for Miss Emily Sartain and Charles Lasar. She has nothing childish in her nature, and her first studies were made in the Philadelphia Academy, where she was convinced that "construction" was of the greatest importance.

Miss Esté's gospel, I should think, is hope; each thing she does is always better than the last, and with this and her belief in solitude and never thinking of the way "the great ones" paint lies her

art's salvation. She is an Associé of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and the French Government made no mistake in purchasing her large landscape in the recent Salon of that society.

The work too by Mary R. Hamilton is personal and distinct. The assertion that women cannot do the work of men has lost much of its too long recognised truth, as every day finds them fulfilling spheres with greater ability, making our little arrogances less evincive, and in art to-day we find when women painters realise their own God gifts that man's greatness outsteps them only in space and muscular equipment. I do not say Mrs. Hamilton sides with me; her work is my only proof, and with her retiring disposition I doubt if I should have seen much had I not first been attracted by a Venetian study bearing her name in Scotland and afterwards a group of water-colours and oils in the Salon of the "Indépendants" and another in the Salon des Beaux-Arts. She had a few private lessons in



"BEFORE THE WINDOW"

BY MARY HAMILTON

American Artists in Paris

Canada, and a more prolonged study under Skarbina in Berlin, with occasional application in Paris, Venice, and Holland; there is little else to say save the old story of the earnest seeking to find oneself in one's own thought and belief and the varied experience that expresses itself ultimately. Her work in oil is strong and sincere, but to me her water-colours make a special appeal with their quiet charm; they show a thorough understanding and sure acquaintance with the power of this medium, in which I feel her greatness lies.

In this year's New Salon and at the Galerie Devambez one got a good idea of the work of Edwin Scott. It did not beckon you by its brilliance of colour nor yet from its excellent position on the walls; amongst so much that was glaring without being prismatic one might have passed on but for its arresting sympathetic note of refined dignity; and one felt the early spring of the Paris boulevards and the golden glow of the fall. To read an artist's nature and outlook in his work is indeed a great thing, and to find it reiterated in the man is perhaps more wonderful nowadays. The spirit of the street and its moving humanity seems the keynote of this artist's work, and you feel that he gets it—whether to his satisfaction or not does not concern you—as his aims at attainment or technique never argue with you before the subtly unveiled poetical interpretation. To paint the streets of Paris or any other city is no easy task. One either sees too much or too little, or often only hasty atmospheric effects of sudden sunshine that carry one into another country, so that we fail to feel any recognition; but giving one a new side to a familiar scene in the same dress proclaims a greater insight and mystery; the lack of that one quality is the reason why so many pictures are just so much paint.

Edwin Scott may be considered fortunate to

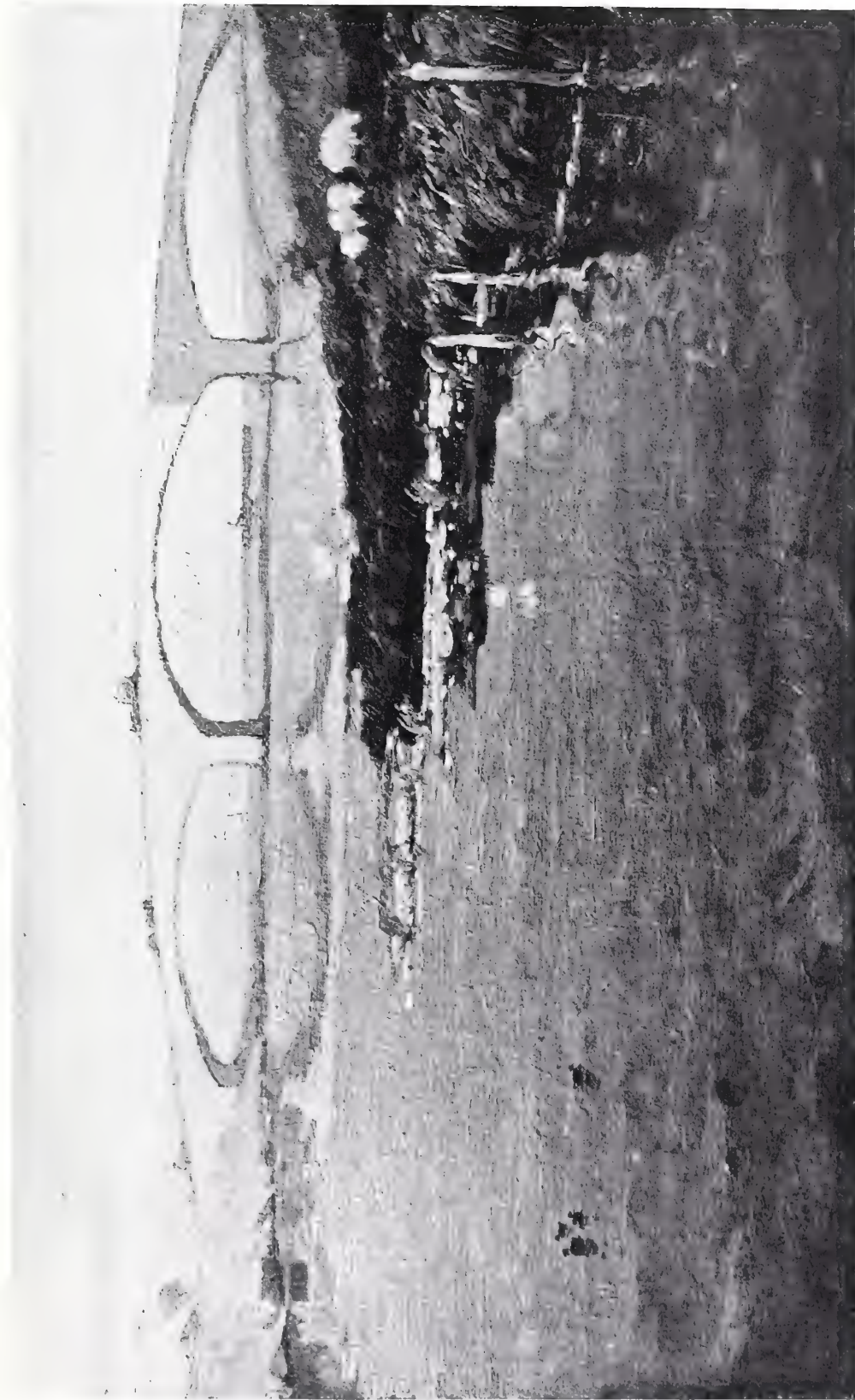
have begun his study early in life, and the Art Students' League of New York found him an energetic pupil. Obeying the call of the Siren Paris while still in his teens, he became head of the atelier in drawing under Cabanel in the École des Beaux-Arts, returning home after a few years as drawing instructor in the school that gave him his first encouragement. But the claims of Paris were too deeply rooted, and one finds him now a devoted worshipper of her elegant and neglected streets—to him a constant source of revelation and inspiration for his poetical interpretation of its spirit and moving humanity. He works unheeding of the times, and exhibited little until recent years.

It is an uncommon pleasure that attracts one to the work of Charles Lasar. The whole aspect of the artist is so evident and yet so deceptive through it. His idea is that no two canvases should look alike, and this idea is so tenaciously carried



"THE CALF"

BY CHARLES LASAR



"THE BRIDGE AT AZY"
BY CHARLES LASAR

American Artists in Paris



"LA PREMIÈRE NEIGE"

BY FLORENCE ESTÉ

out that no one could convict him of repetition, and you will not find private collectors arguing over the similarity of their pictures by the same artist. He is a man of ideas, and for some years, by his wonderful power of exciting interest, conducted one of the largest art classes in Paris. Many to-day have much to thank him for, and the outcome of his work, a little publication entitled "*Hints to Art Students*," is unique in its practicality. Alert and alive with enthusiasm to any advancement, the dullness of the picture in the average curtained room has been claiming all his recent attention—that is, the problem of making the most brilliant retain its brilliance amidst dark surroundings without the phosphorescent trickery of the showman. What he doesn't know about colour is not worth knowing, and that he has solved his enigma was proved with certainty in a recent exhibition of his work I saw in his studio. Public exhibitions claim little of his attention, but what he has done for others and is still doing to-day makes him a prominent personality in the American colony of artists in Paris. *The Bridge at Azy* is an excellent example of his work; with an intimate knowledge of composition he instinctively finds beauty of line and form in the simplest of subjects.

In giving a short note on each of the artists included in this article, I have left John Marin to

come in near the end. It suits his character completely; he is an elusive quantity and a modern of sanity and individuality. He is known chiefly in Paris and his own country by his etchings, but good as they are it is in water-colour he excels. Black-and-white reproduction gives one no idea of them, as his line and colour are so interwoven that the one is lost entirely without the other; but to repeat, he is an elusive quantity, having left Paris to arrange an exhibition of his work in New York, and to return soon with some of his latest and most representative work; and I bewail not having retained an original before his departure. So without a reproduction you must just take my word, and let me give you some extracts from his own description written to me some months ago after a fortnight's sketching in the Austrian Tyrol.

"You know once upon a time I saw a mountain, several mountains. I looked down into the ravines, I looked up the bellying sides, beheld forests, rocks, rifts, shrub and moss, reached the heights and soared above into the clouds. There were times when great patches were cut off by curtains of rolling clouds. Not all in one day, a succession of days, a succession of moments. Take, choose, make what you please! how you felt and what was revealed. Do you want to know what I think about etchings and what they should be? Well, little letters



"LA BAIE DE L'ORNE."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
FLORENCE ESTÉ.

American Artists in Paris

of places. You don't want to write a volume to give tersely, clearly, with a few lines, each individual line to mean something, and there shall be a running connection existing throughout. There you have it—lines, letters; letters, words; words, a thought; a few thoughts and you have your line impression of a something seen and felt. So that when you are all through, to the eye your result will look like a written page."—In that slight selection is John Marin. For me to try and expound more than a man himself interprets or devises would be to do what has been done too much to-day by the followers of the great and popular, by those who sit round his productions on footstools with the wisdom of owls, finding virtues in their hero's failures and accidents, until one of them becomes honest or time exposes the feet of clay.

Though having a great admiration for the work of Marin and also the etchings of Whistler, Charles K. Gleeson is no imitator; his appreciation for much in nature that must naturally appeal to an etcher still indites from him his own reading; translating and interpreting, unravelling the pages that contain the history of man and his power of enterprise in the conglomeration of London and Paris buildings and waterways, occupy his happiest

moments. His constant seeking for a truer construction and adherence to form places him in the front rank among the few who understand the limits of the etching-needle and can make it more than lisp in expression.

Art is serious, and the roads for all to her secrets are rough; wealth cannot draw it from her, nor will she reveal it to your hasty desire to make gold, nor to the foolish sentimentalist of "Art for Art's sake." She is no beggar—Art's reward is hope, and in her garden are many flowers. Let the artist look to his seeds; you can learn to paint and be taught to draw, and mediocrity will build you a mansion and the crime of its ugliness go unpunished; but Art will build you castles towering in the air that will be castles indeed some day, but not built on the extraction of light or the division of shadows, or a medley of misunderstood and degenerate emotion raking for eccentricity in the garbage-heap of civilisation to satisfy self-deformed characters of mind and imagination *lacking the infinite*. In an article where space has not the power of elasticity one must regrettably overlook at present some few other notable artists, whose homes the surrounding country claims—and those whose work demands a grouping of another order.

E. A. T.



"RIO DEL MENDICANTI, VENICE" (ETCHING)

BY CHARLES K. GLEESON



*Rue Mouffetard
Paris*

John Marin

"RUE MOUFFETARD, PARIS." FROM
THE ETCHING BY JOHN MARIN



"ST. GERVAIS, PAR RUE GRENIER-SUR-L'EAU,
PARIS." FROM THE ETCHING BY JOHN MARIN



"LE MARCHE AUX POMMES." FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY EDWIN SCOTT

The New English Art Club

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB'S EXHIBITION

THE New English Art Club is always interesting, but sometimes the interest centres in some three or four arresting canvases by the chiefs of the society, tailing off to not always very successful imitations by some of the neophytes. The case was very different with the exhibition which closed last month; though some of the immortals were not in evidence, the exhibition as a whole was a remarkable success, and hardly a single picture in it was without interest.

Nothing engages the attention more than when a well-known contributor to a society like this makes a sudden change or development of style. For a long time Mr. Orpen kept all eyes fixed upon him by this perfectly sincere manœuvre. This year, however, he has made no new departure; but there are members, two especially, who have developed something new: they are Mr. W. G. von Glehn in *The Garden*, a design for a mural decoration

or tapestry, and in another canvas of the same character, and Mr. Ambrose McEvoy in his *Anais*, which marks a development upon preceding works, not in character only, but in interest of style. Mr. McEvoy's strong literary bent seemed inclined to exclude from his interiors the sensitiveness of still-life interpretation that we have here. Mr. Philip Connard, too, made an attractive departure this year in his two flower groups. Mr. Francis James and Mr. Gerard Chowne have hitherto not had to fear rivals; but if Mr. Connard in his flower pieces can only refrain from intruding those "tasty bits" of colour with which he generally tries to enliven nature, they will have one. Mr. Shackleton, whose picture *The Island of Dreams* we are illustrating, would perhaps considerably advance the rate at which his reputation is growing by a little self-restraint in the matter of colour. There is a younger member of the club, Mr. Elliott Seabrooke, who possesses an instinctive sense of what should be the ingredients of a landscape—witness his canvas *The Kentmere Valley*; and in Mr. C. M.



"THE END OF THE CHAPTER"

BY P. WILSON STEER

The New English Art Club

Gere's *A Hillside* there is much of the same kind of success.

Mr. Sargent in his *Nonchaloir*, while pretending to be occupied with pose and distribution of drapery, has given us one of those delightful representations of femininity with which he now likes to confute those who used to mark as a limitation on his part the inability to represent women with a Meredithian sympathy. Just that which gives the spirit to Mr. Sargent's picture is what is generally to be missed in canvases by Mr. Wilson Steer and Mr. W. W. Russell. Theirs is the rare success of portraying women in beautiful environments as part of those environments, but they tend to let the vitality of their pictures rest rather with the brilliant treatment of accessories than with the sitters. In landscapes Mr. Steer has achieved this year one of the greatest of all his achievements in *The Valley of the Severn* (*Storm Passing Away*).

Extremely interesting was M. Blanche's *Vaslav Nijinski's Danse de Mains*, while Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's *The Dining-Room, 170 Queen's Gate*, marks a distinct advance upon preceding works, which is saying a good deal. Mr. George Belcher, so brilliant as a black-and-white man, succeeds with

colour well in his little grey picture *An Old Barn*. *A Cloud Shadow on the Sea off Cowes*, but more especially *Sky Clearing after Rain*, place Miss Alice Fanner somewhere very near the front rank as a sea-painter; the latter picture is an atmospheric triumph. *Bourdon*, by Mr. T. F. M. Sheard, should be especially mentioned with Professor Fredk. Brown's *Willows*, next to it. Mr. Maxwell Armfield in *Mimi in the Mountains* showed some of the dangers of work carried out too consciously on a decorative plan, which is apt to result in a milliner-like pleasure in the mere juxtaposition of an effective assortment of tints, and thus compromise other qualities. *The Manikarnika Ghat* and *Morning on the Ganges* are the names of two miraculous interpretations of the luminous Indian haze and the vibrating movement of brightly dressed native crowds by Mr. William Rothenstein. *The Church in the Fens*, by Mr. D. Muirhead, despite its somewhat unpleasant indigo colour, was strikingly successful in its chiaroscuro and composition; and Mr. Arthur Streeton's *The Artist's Dining-Room* was a fine rendering of a lamp-lit room with windows opening to the night. Mr. Henry Lamb, in two canvases, has been attacking



"NEAR HERTFORD" (WATER-COLOUR)

BY A. W. RICH



"CHILDHOOD." BY
DAVID MUIRHEAD

The New English Art Club

the old problem of rendering sorrow. There is a touch of the grotesque in sorrow, but in the man's face in *Mort d'une Paysanne* there is much more than a touch.

Mr. Algernon Talmage's *The Break in the Storm* and Mr. D. Muirhead's *Childhood* stood out among the canvases in the south-west gallery by their success in the themes taken up. These are included with our illustrations. Another canvas which deserved special attention in the same room was *Over the Hills and Far Away*, by Mrs. A. S. Hartick. Our notice of the exhibition would not be complete without mentioning the following successes: *In the Forest*, by Mr. Louis A. Sargent; *An Empty Court-yard, Tetuan*, by Mr. Henry Bishop; *A Wedding at Stebbing*, by Mr. Bernard Sickert; *The Rain-*

storm, by Mr. Donald MacLaren; *Study in Blue and White*, by Miss S. H. Jephson; *At Alfriston*, by Mr. Alfred Hayward; *Dessert*, by Miss Louise Pickard; *Columbine from Copenhagen*, by Miss Essil Elmslie, and especially Mr. C. H. Collins Baker's *The Pond*.

From the water-colours and drawings, always one of the most interesting sections of these exhibitions, we are illustrating works by Mr. A. W. Rich and Mr. Louis A. Sargent. These works, together with the diverse contributions of Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. Havard Thomas, Mr. Maxwell Armfield, Mr. Aubrey Waterfield, Miss Thea Proctor, Miss S. Gosse, Mr. R. Schwabe, and others, made this section particularly interesting this year.



"SPRING IN THE HILLS"

BY LOUIS A. SARGENT



“THE ISLAND OF DREAMS”
BY WILLIAM SHACKLETON



“THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN (STORM
PASSING AWAY).” BY P. WILSON STEER



"THE FAN." BY W. W. RUSSELL



"THE BREAK IN THE STORM" BY ALGERNON TALMAGE

A. Talmage 1890

International Art Exhibition, Rome

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT ROME: THE ITALIAN SECTION.

AT the time these notes were written the great International Art Exhibition at Rome was so far from being complete that no definite judgment upon the exhibition as a whole could be pronounced, but the one point upon which there seemed a very general, if not universal, consensus of opinion within Rome and Italy was the success of the British section, which, except that of Hungary, was the only one ready by the opening date. Its commanding position, its fine architectural design—adapted very cleverly by Mr. Lutyens from a motive of Sir Christopher Wren's—and even its material would alone advance it to that place among the palaces which is fully secured by the magnificent quality, even more than the quantity, of its contents.

The *clou* of the section is undoubtedly the magnificently representative collection of "deceased British Masters" from Hogarth to Millais, Watts, Orchardson, and Leighton; and here a word of thanks is due to members of this special committee,

among whom I may mention Mr. A. G. Temple and Dr. Williamson, who have worked indefatigably under the able guidance of our Commissioner-General, Sir Isidore Spielmann, to secure the success of this part of the British exhibition.

It is, however, to the Italian section that I propose to confine my remarks on this occasion. If want of adequate selection is the fault of the British section in certain cases, here in the "Belle Arti" we have to note too much of this, but not selection of the right kind. My meaning on the point will be more easy to make clear when I have spoken in some detail of the exhibits.

First here I shall take the Milanese school. Mariani with his fine sea-piece (*Storm at Bordighera*), Mentessi with a fine nocturne of moonlight upon ancient shrines, Carozzi with his somewhat heavily painted landscapes, Alciati with two very brilliant pastel portraits, Amisani and Chiesa, both with portraits, are all examples of this school, which finds an exponent in the large Italian room in the paintings of Filippo Carcano. Though he occasionally lapses into Biblical narrative, Carcano is at his best in landscape, and here in *The Aeroplane* shows all his power. Amisani has been



"REZZONICO"

BY EMMA CIARDI

International Art Exhibition, Rome



"FEMME NUE"

BY C. CATALDI

obviously affected in his art by the influence of Mancini, whom we shall come to later: but in all this school of Lombardy, which we may take to include such Piedmontese painters of landscape as Peliti, we find variety, originality, vigour—qualities entirely typical of the two cities of industry and progress, Turin and Milan.

One of the most attractive and interesting schools of modern Italy is that of Venice, and we touch this school already in the third Italian

room, in the "nocturnes" and moonlight effects of Fragiaco, who is most attractive in his *Harmony of Evening*—a scene at twilight on the Venetian lagoon; and again in the next room is the work of Bezzi, whose *Vision of Night* (*Visione Notturna*) has all the Venetian charm of great surfaces of rippled water and subdued light. In the same room Italo Brass strikes quite a different note in his paintings of the Carnival at Venice in the Piazzetta, of the Lido beach scattered with bathers, and the Café Florian with behind it the Piazza sparkling in the sunlight; but the romantic note finds expression again in the *Summer Night* of

Sartorelli, one of the finest imaginative landscapes in this section.

Better known perhaps—especially to the English public—is the work of the Ciardi family, of whom the brilliant daughter, Emma Ciardi, held quite recently an exhibition in London. Here the father, Guglielmo Ciardi, has three paintings, the best of which—*The Fisherman's Home*—has just the qualities of luminosity and of those incomparable pearl-grey tints of sea and sky which are peculiar



"LES RECLUSES MISÉRABLES"

BY ERNESTO BIONDI



“LA RÉDEMPTION ”
BY ETTORE TITO

International Art Exhibition, Rome



"L'AÉROPLANE"

BY FILIPPO CARCANO

to Venice; while the gifted Signorina Emma has two paintings, one of which (*Rezzonico*) has those qualities of fullness of sentiment and refinement of drawing and colour which so delighted us in past Venice exhibitions. Beppe Ciardi, her brother, has one painting of an old white horse, which is a clever study of light and cloud.

Ettore Tito, who may be fairly considered a Venetian, though I believe he was born at Naples, has an entire wall in the next room, but does not here rise to the level of his fine Sala in the Venice Exhibition of 1909. His *Redemption* seems inspired by earlier Italian religious art, and *Canalazzo* is a very clever rendering of lights upon water with gondolas and "barche" in movement, in which the foreshortening of the figures is admirable. This sense of rippling waters, of sunlight upon moving figures, and moonlight upon the broken surfaces, contrasting with the deep shadows of old buildings, fills the art of modern Venice, my notice of which I shall conclude with mention of the *Chioggia Fisher Girl* of Laurenti, and the *Fishermen's Houses* of Pieretto Bianco.

Quite different, both in technique and sentiment, is the school of Tuscany. A certain flatness of modelling, good sense of colour, and great charm

of sentiment are features which, by no means invariable, are very frequent in these Tuscan artists. Examples here are to be found in *The Madwomen*, by Raffaello Gambogi, which has just the qualities I have mentioned, in the two brothers Francesco and Luigi Gioli (*Holy Saturday at Pisa* and *Volterra*), in the work of Bastianini, Pellegrini, Lori, Ernestina Orlandini, and Llewelyn Lloyd, whose name is obviously suggestive of Welsh extraction.

Bargellini—with his finely decorative triptych in the large Italian room of *Resurrection*, with Giordano Bruno as its central figure—and Antonio Discovolo, with his imaginative landscapes, are too markedly individual to fall into line with the general characteristics of modern Tuscan art.

And now we come to the Roman school, which, in an exhibition held within Rome, demands special interest. And here the work of Onorato Carlandi may claim the first place, as being specially painted for this exhibition and the work of an artist who is well known in England, and has been for many years connected with artistic life in Rome. In his great triptych, *Alba Nuova*, the centre panel (*Forum Magnum*) represents the old Forum, the centre of Roman life under the Republic and Empire; the Via Appia (*Regina Viarum*) on the right, winding



"THE DESERTED CAMPAGNA"
BY HENRY COLEMAN

(In the National Gallery of Rome)

International Art Exhibition, Rome

down to the sea near Terracina, indicates very appropriately the network of great roads with which Rome held together her vast empire; and *Mons Sacer* on the left signifies—by its association with that famous secession of the Roman plebs from the Senate—the fact that a just and wise expansion of the franchise can alone unite the peoples under one empire.

Opposite to this important and dignified work are Signor Camillo Innocenti's brilliant impressionist renderings of modern life. This artist has really spent some time in Paris, and his work, brilliantly clever as it is, has acquired quite a Parisian touch. In his *Night Scene in the Bois de Boulogne*, in the clever nude near this, and the fine portrait, he shows himself a painter of original talent who is searching out for himself a new path.

Another Roman artist of individuality and interest is Arturo Noci, who has only one painting here, of two girls at their toilet: a work treated with touches of pure colour, by what is often called the "divisionist" method. In the same room Lionne, another Roman resident, uses the same method for a scene of popular life, *Outside Porta S. Giovanni*; and to the same Roman school belong Parisiani (*Tiber at Ostia*) and Raggio, this latter still painting at nearly eighty-four years.

The portrait of Baron Nathan, Sindaco of Rome, by Balla, though a good but scarcely a flattering likeness, is not a pleasing work of art; but a clever painting by Signorina Annie Nathan, whom I understand to have studied under Balla, shows considerable promise. Gustavo Bacarissas, a native of Gibraltar, has a brilliant study of the *Soko* at Tangiers. Near this, Ferretti's portrait is scarcely equal to his landscape with the stone pines bathed in golden sunlight, and Pio Joris, Battaglia, whose work I remember at Venice with its fine loose technique, and Grassi, with his triptych of the Castel S. Angelo (*Ascensione*), represent the Roman school in this large room, while Nomellini has his *Garibaldians leaving Quarto*.

But it is really Antonio Mancini, born at Naples, but a Roman by many years of residence and art creation, who redeems this whole Italian section of the Belle Arti from the imminent risk of mediocrity; his eight paintings lift him to the first rank among modern painters of the portrait. Above all he is a colourist of unrivalled greatness. His portraits of women here are seated, while in the male portraits standing erect he gains the full advantage of the height of the figure. But how delightful are these seated portraits of women, revealing all the grave tenderness and personal charm of the Roman and North Italian women. Loveliest of all and most brilliant in treatment is the *Geltrude*, a portrait of extraordinary brilliancy, in which great pieces of mother-of-pearl are actually embedded within the colour-impaste of the rich gown. One trembles to think what might be the effect on unintelligent imitators of this technique, and among my Roman friends, who have known his work from the first, there are those who prefer to find the Mancini of earlier days in the *Female Nude Figure* of this exhibition, with its sobriety of colour and refinement of drawing.

We pass from the Mancini portraits to the room devoted to the work of Henry Coleman. I knew

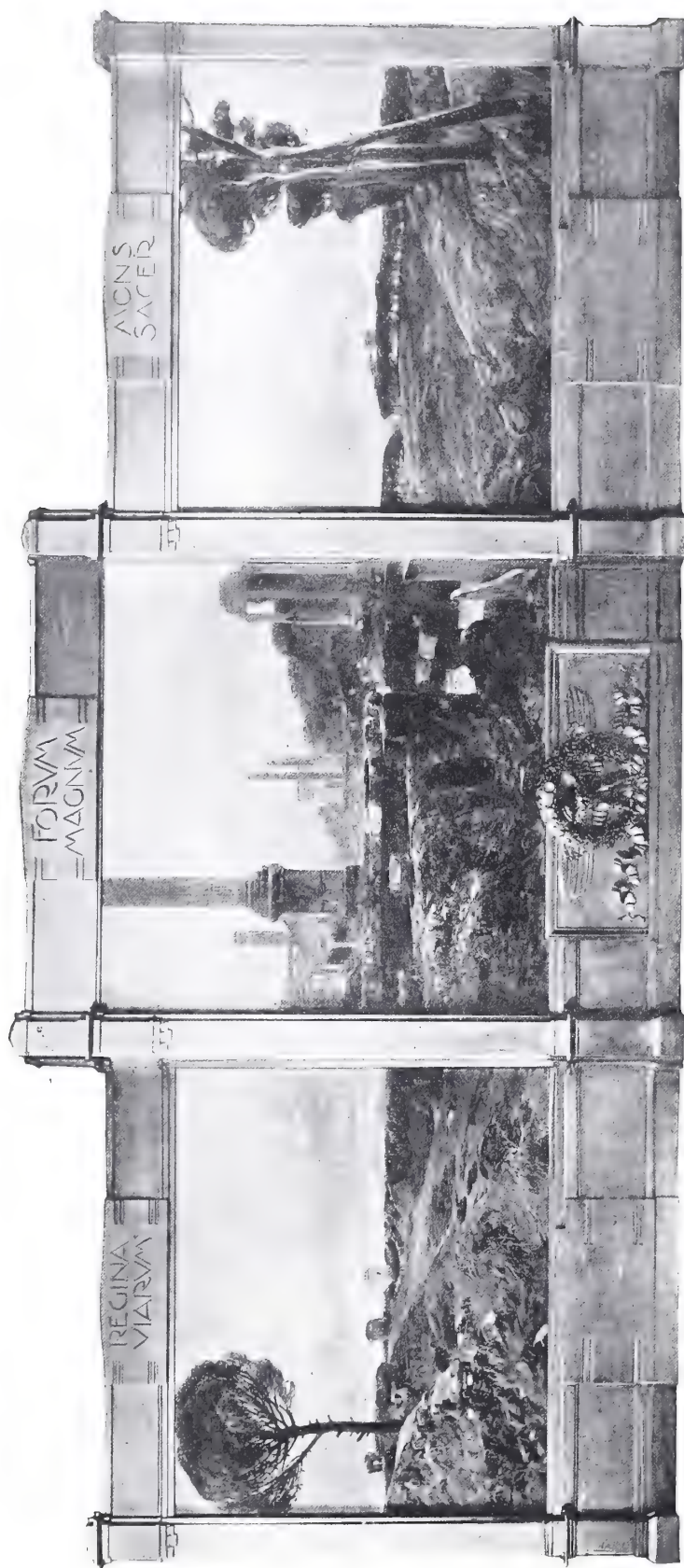


"GELTRUDE"

BY ANTONIO MANCINI



“LE MARCHÉ À TANGER”
BY GUSTAVO BACARISAS



"ALBA NUOVA" (TRIPTYCH)
BY ONORATO CARLANDI

International Art Exhibition, Rome

Coleman personally, and was with him in Rome only two years ago, and we all, who knew him in this city, mourn his death as that of a sincere artist and attractive personality. Like his father he had come under the fascination of the wonderful Roman Campagna, though the high peaks too attracted him; and both these sources of inspiration appear in the interesting exhibition of his work here. Marvelously delicate, sincere, and careful in their technique are his water-colours, of which I admired particularly *Ciampino*—an exquisite rendering of the stretching Campagna; and going over this room with Signor Carlandi, whose own water-colours of the Campagna are so well known, I found he confirmed my judgment here, and pointed out to me also the *Via Ostiense*, with a flight of gulls across the old Ostian road, and the *Arx Gabina* (the old citadel of Gabii) which he told me was the last work Coleman completed before he died.

We come now to the sculpture, where, unfortunately, selection has been carried to the excess of excluding altogether the work of Italian masters of

known merit. A few figures, mostly in plaster, grouped around the entrance hall, are the work of Italians—among them Cataldi's *Nudo di Donna*, which shows careful modelling of surface and under-forms. Then on the other side, in marble, Guastalla's *Sensazioni*, a female head and bust, and Adolfo Apolloni's fine marble figure of *La Scultura*, really the only work here which is worthy of the occasion. We may turn from this to the relief by Ferrari, which is unequal to this master's real merit, and to the fantastic group in the inner hall by Ernesto Biondi of *Le misere Recluse*, a group of female prisoners. Here the grouping is certainly good as well as the characterisation, but the faces of some of the women seem to betray a lack of form and osseous sub-structure. And with Biondi the Italian sculpture of the Belle Arti is practically ended: the poorness of the exhibition is more startling in reality than it may appear in these pages: the empty spaces seem to actually cry out for the works which ought to fill them. Where, we exclaim, are the masters, not of the past fifty years (who might well have been here), but even of the present day—among the older men Bistolfi, Calandra, Maccagniani, among the younger Zanelli, Fontana, Dazzi, Niccolini? If Italian art was to be so absurdly, so unfairly limited—as I understand it has been—to work of the past two years, why at least were not these men admitted? Why, too, among the painters have Michette, Grosso, Dall'Oca Bianca, De-Carolis, and that giant of form Aristide Sartorio been forgotten?

We might overlook the obvious haste and oversights of an exhibition which started too late, opened later than its date, and even a month after the opening was manifestly incomplete; the errors of an unindexed catalogue—distracting to the conscientious visitor or critic—and other faults of detail which it were captious to criticise too freely. But the outstanding fact is that this exhibition is not really representative, even of modern Italian art. Had the fine suggestion—which I have heard attributed to Signor Vigo Ojetti—been adopted of making this exhibition representative of Italian art for these fifty years of independence, a very noble exhibition might have been organised, and one worthy of Italy.

As it is a grand opportunity has been lost; and if in these pages I have gone carefully through the principal works shown it is because I wished to give them every justice and consideration, not because I for one moment regard this exhibition of Italian art as worthy of the great occasion.

SELWYN BRINTON.



"THE TOAST"

BY ANTONIO MANCINI

Decorative Panels by George Sheringham

SOME DECORATIVE PANELS BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

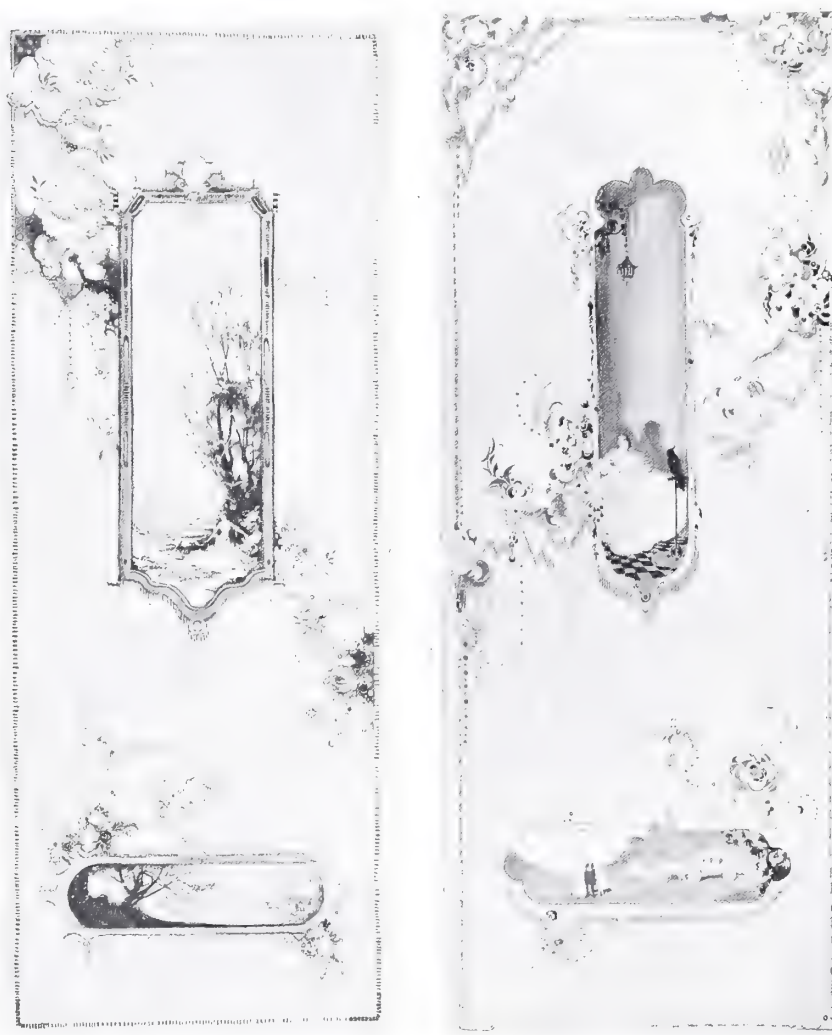
THE series of wall panels executed by Mr. George Sheringham, for a room in the country house of His Honour Judge Evans, deserves to be noted as an unusually attractive example of well-considered decorative work. During the past two or three years Mr. Sheringham has made for himself a very definite place among the younger artists who have the inclination and the capacity to deal with problems of decoration; and by the admirable quality of his achievement he has gained the sincere approval of those art lovers who can appreciate the value of a personal outlook and manner of expression in art practice. He has, indeed, a very real talent as a designer; his originality is unquestionable and his decorative

sense is guided by the soundest taste, and he has already, young as he is, acquired a wonderfully sure command over refinements of technical practice. Hitherto, he has chiefly confined himself to things on a comparatively small scale, to fans and small fanciful compositions which have offered him scope for the display of his power as a colourist and as a sensitive and graceful draughtsman; and in his management of work of this character—which demands the greatest possible daintiness of invention and delicacy of handling—he has proved himself to be quite exceptionally accomplished.

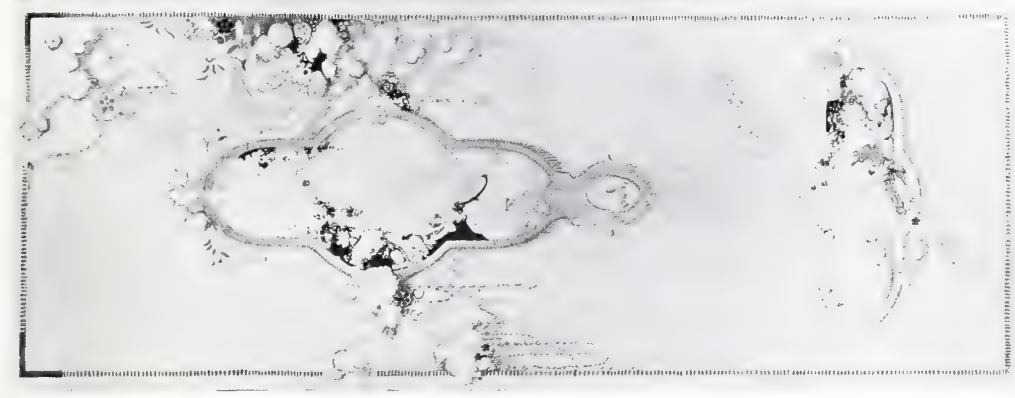
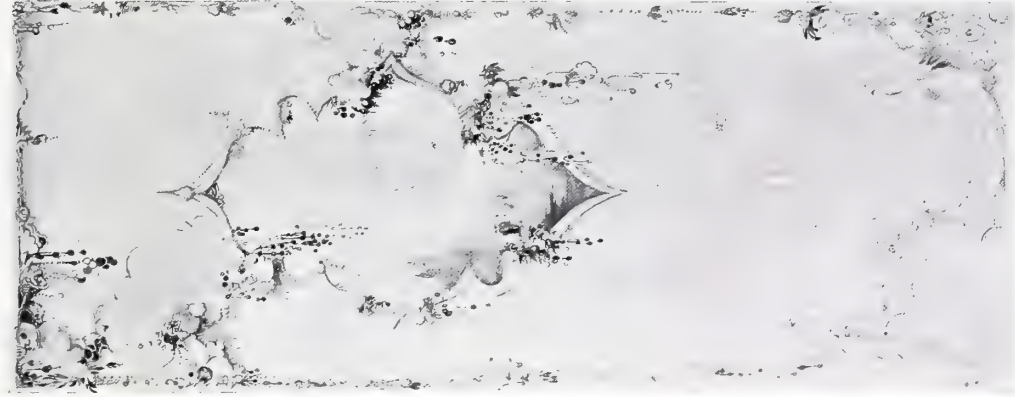
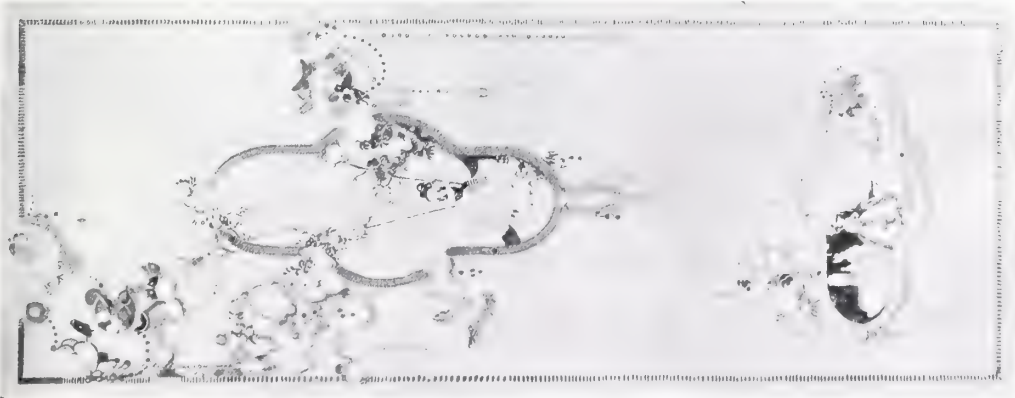
These panels, however, were scarcely capable of the same kind of treatment that could appropriately be applied to his smaller paintings; they are fairly large and they have called for greater breadth of execution as well as a bigger view of decorative responsibilities. But he has been quite equal to

the occasion; he has realised fully how to expand his methods so as to secure the proper relation between the scale of his handling and the space he had to fill, and he has avoided with excellent judgment any tendency towards smallness of manner or triviality of detail. The way in which the panels are imagined, their quaintness of design and their subtlety of colour, and particularly their masculine simplicity, can be sincerely commended; to the manner in which they have been thought out they owe much of their fascination.

But as technical examples, also, they are of very real interest. They are painted on silk in water-colour, and Mr. Sheringham has overcome with noteworthy skill the difficulties which are inevitable in the application of the water-colour medium on



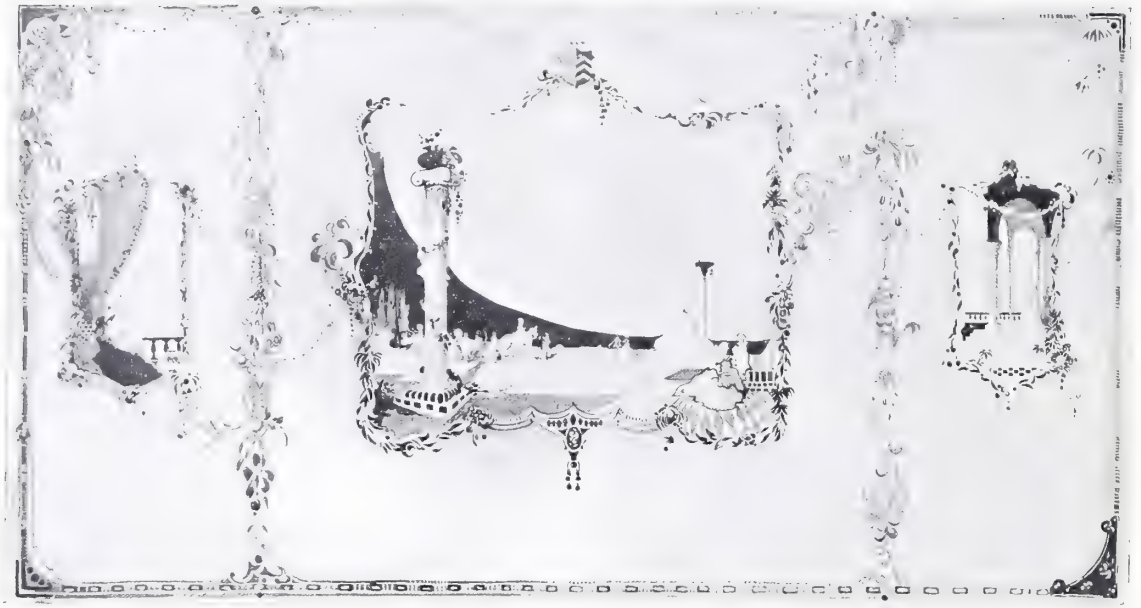
DECORATIVE PANELS PAINTED IN WATER-COLOUR ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM
(*The property of His Honour Judge Evans*)



DECORATIVE PANELS PAINTED IN WATER-COLOUR ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(The property of His Honour Judge Evans)

Decorative Panels by George Sheringham



DECORATIVE PAINTING ON SILK

(*The property of His Honour Judge Evans*)

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

such a surface. He has used the peculiar absorbent qualities of the silk very judiciously to gain effects of soft, blurred colour in the places where the blurring of the washes would help to give the right character to his painting, and in other places he has set down with full precision the crisp, sharp touches necessary for the correct definition of his design; and in both the soft washes and the sharply stated details he shows that he has studied the mechanism of his craft with intelligence. It is, in fact, this knowledge of what he should do and of the way in which he ought to do it that provides him with the firm foundation upon which he is building up his reputation as one of the ablest of our younger decorative painters.

It may be added that the entire series of panels—ten in number—is now on exhibition at the Ryder Gallery in Albemarle Street.

MR. J. C. J. DRUCKER has issued a printed statement showing the donations and contributions received in connection with the John M. Swan Memorial Fund, and the allocation of the drawings purchased therewith. The total sum raised and paid to Mrs. Swan's account was £3164 16s. 0d., and the drawings, &c., purchased have been distributed among nineteen public collections at home and abroad, the chief recipients being the Guildhall, London, the Art Galleries at Manchester and Aberdeen, the British Museum, and the Melbourne National Gallery.

PEASANT ART IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE second volume of the series of special numbers of *THE STUDIO* devoted to the Peasant Art of Europe will be ready about the end of September. It will deal with one of the most interesting ethnographical districts of the Continent, embracing as it does the provinces of Upper and Lower Austria, Salzburg, Tyrol, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia, the Bukovina, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, together with the Kingdom of Hungary and its dependent provinces Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania. Some hundreds of interesting examples of the peasant art of these countries have been photographed for reproduction in the volume. These illustrations will include examples of furniture, wood-carving, metal-work, lace, embroidery, pottery, jewellery, and other branches of handicraft. The book will also contain numerous plates in colour, and articles by experts will be included. The reception accorded to the first volume of the series (devoted to Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland), of which there are only a few copies left, was such that intending subscribers for the second volume should place their orders without delay, as the edition will be limited and the work will not be reprinted. It will be uniform in price and format with other special numbers, and may be obtained through any bookseller or direct from the publishing office of *THE STUDIO*.



*(The property of
His Honour Judge Evans)*

PORTION OF DECORATIVE PANEL PAINTED IN
WATER-COLOUR ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



MARGIN HOUSE, WIMBLEDON COMMON: VIEW FROM ACROSS LAKE

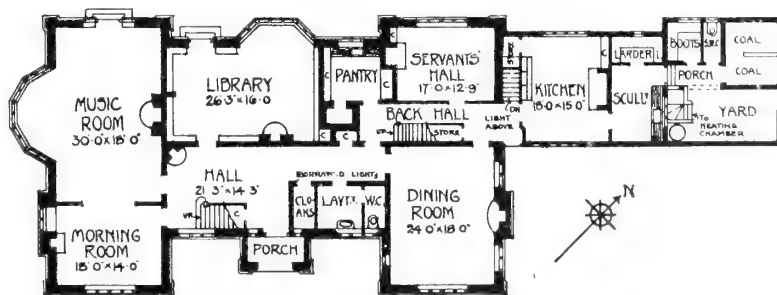
WALKER AND HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

WHEN giving recently some illustrations of a modern house at Wimbledon, we remarked on the rural amenities which certain parts of this district still maintain in spite of the great expansion of building in the vicinity. The view we now give of another house in this locality is a further case in point. Margin House, Wimbledon Common, designed by Messrs. Walker and Harwood for A. W. Wills, Esq., the present owner, was planned to take as much advantage as possible of the exceptional views obtainable whilst having regard to the points of the compass at the same time. Essential requirements which further governed the design were size and clear space in the various rooms, abundance of light and economy in working. A terrace twelve feet wide and ninety feet long, with brick and tile steps and box hedge, overlooks the lake to the north-west, which is about three acres in extent, is in the centre of the grounds and is the home of several species of wild-fowl. The lake view is shared by the library and the music-room, the latter also looking on to the

terraced lawns. The house has two bathrooms and nine bedrooms, exclusive of day and night nurseries and dressing-rooms, and is heated artificially throughout. Inside, the hall has a staircase and panelled dado in light oak. The music-room and morning-room are separated by folding double doors nine feet wide which enable the two rooms to be thrown together making a room forty-five feet long by eighteen feet wide. The library has specially designed bookcases, cupboards and panelling in light oak, with brown stone chimney-piece and unpolished copper repoussé canopy. Externally the house is built with hollow walls of dark red brick with grey-purple quoins and surrounds to windows, with a band of ochre-white plaster above trowel-marked. The cornice is a plain plaster cove and the roof is of dark tiles.

Stinchcombe is a South Cotswold village lying



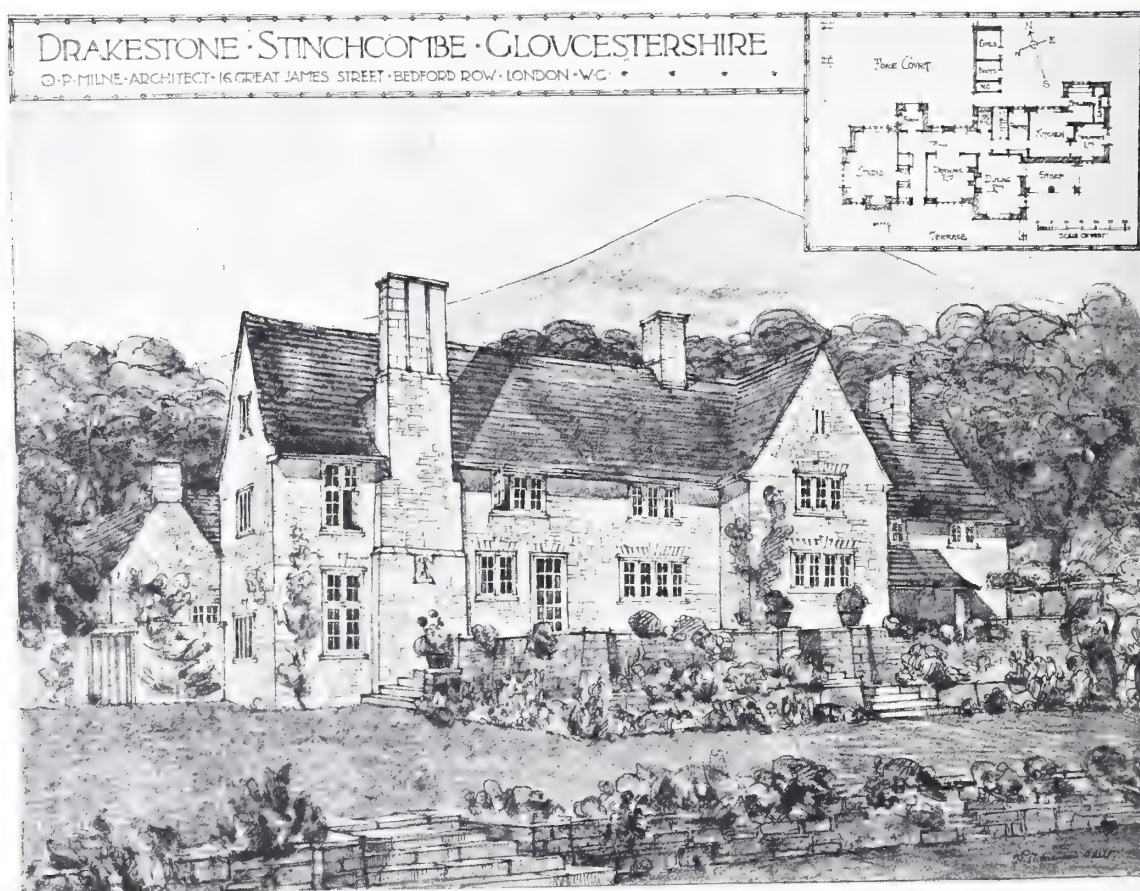
GROUND PLAN OF MARGIN HOUSE, WIMBLEDON COMMON

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

between Gloucester and Bristol. Here, from the range of hills that rise steeply out of the Severn Valley, extensive and delightful views are obtained looking over the Forest of Dean away to the Black Mountains, with the broad gleaming band of the river making a silver track through the valley. No more delightful spot can be found anywhere than the southern slopes of these hills, and it is here that the house we illustrate below is situate. The manner of building with the local stone and covering the roofs with stone slates has justly made this district famous for the beauty of its local architecture. Drakestone has been built in this ancient manner. The walls are of stone of a beautiful brown and with its grey stone roof already becomes part of the landscape. The characteristics of this house are simplicity of plan and elevation—the whole depending for effect on the beauty and right use of material and simple proportions. The house and stables are grouped round a forecourt, and all the rooms are planned so as to command sunny aspects and far-reaching views. The ground slopes away from the house to the south and here

terracing and lawns at varying levels have been formed and the garden already gives much promise for the future. In planning the interior the architect, Mr. Oswald P. Milne of London, has given effect to the same considerations of simplicity and sound construction as have been operative in the design of the exterior. The chief rooms on the ground floor have, as shown by the inset plan, a south-western aspect, while the kitchen and its adjuncts are conveniently placed at the north-eastern end near the dining-room.

We give opposite a view of another house in the Cotswolds now being erected from the designs of Mr. E. Guy Dawber of London. It occupies the site of an older house which has been demolished, and the existing gardens, &c., are also being remodelled, and new terraces, forecourt and entrance drives made. As the ground falls towards the east, the offices and servants' hall and basement department are on a lower level. The materials used in the construction of the house are stone (part of it saved from the old building) with stone ashlar dressings to the windows, pilasters, cornices, chimneys, &c., and with plain spaces



DRAKESTONE, STINCHCOMBE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

OSWALD P. MILNE, ARCHITECT



EYFORD PARK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

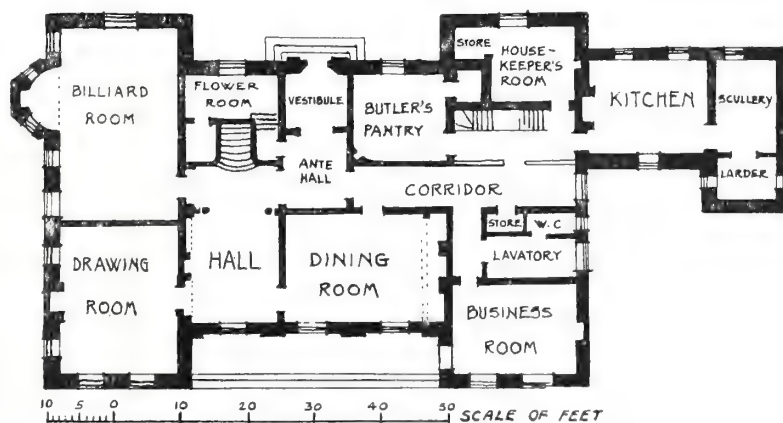
E. GUY DAWBER, ARCHITECT

to the walls, filled in with stucco of a slightly different colour, finished after the manner of the French châteaux of the eighteenth century. The roof is to be covered with stone slates of local origin, graduated in size and thickness from eaves to ridge, and the whole house is being treated in a simple and quiet manner. The contractors are Messrs. Walker and Slater of Derby.

Webbington House, of which a perspective view is given on p. 144, has been built from the designs of Mr. E. J. May, F.R.I.B.A., at the extreme western end of the Mendip Hills in Somersetshire, the site being a very sloping one, commanding extensive views, as the illustration shows. The disposition of the various apartments and offices on the ground floor is shown by the plan reproduced, the main rooms being on the south-west side of the building and the offices on the north-east side, which is the aspect represented in the perspective. Stone has been used for the walls, the upper parts being plastered

and whitewashed in the local manner. For the window-frames and all external woodwork oak has been employed, and the roofs are covered with hand-made tiles.

WE are requested by Mr. S. H. le Fleming of Rydal Hall, Westmoreland, to state that the garden and terrace illustrated in the Spring Number of THE STUDIO (Plates CIX. and CX.) were entirely designed by himself and not by Mr. Thomas H. Mawson as stated.



PLAN OF EYFORD PARK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE



WEBBINGTON HOUSE, SOMERSETSHIRE

(See p. 143)

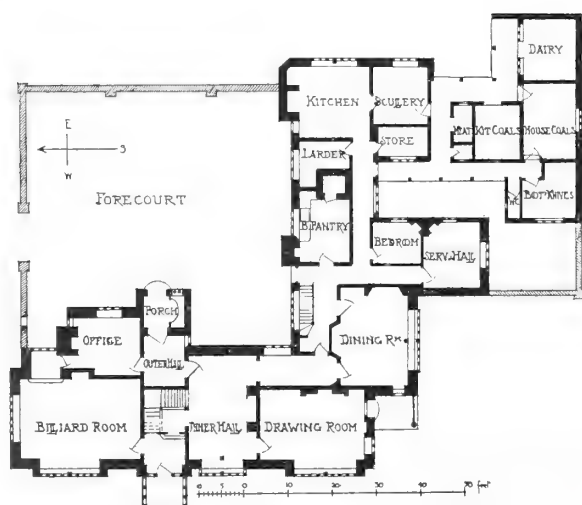
E. J. MAY, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Last month we referred in this place to the exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street of works by Mr. Walter Greaves and to the artist's relation with Whistler. In view of the great amount of attention which this exhibition has attracted, the accompanying reproductions of some of the works included therein will be of interest to those of our readers who have not had an opportunity of visiting the exhibition itself.

The new Copyright Bill introduced by the Government has, after being read a second time in the House of Commons, been sent upstairs to Grand Committee, where a large number of amendments have been raised and debated. An important modification has been introduced into the clause which fixes the term of copyright at fifty years after the author's death, a proviso being added which permits reproduction at the expiration of twenty-five years on payment of a 10 per cent. royalty, which is definitely assured to the author's widow and children.



GROUND PLAN OF WEBBINGTON HOUSE, SOMERSETSHIRE

At the Baillie Gallery Miss Pamela Coleman Smith has been exhibiting leaves from a sketch-book which she takes to concerts and in which she follows with a brush of colour her musical impressions. Of course the interest here is less with the method than with the success in recording something that will evoke again for others impressions similar to those received from music. The classical instance of such success was Beardsley's illustration to the Ballade III. of Chopin, but in an exhibition in a room adjoining Miss Coleman Smith's at the Baillie Gallery Mr. James Pryde had given in a series of paintings—though only one claimed the musical title—just such an interpretation of the



(By special permission of Messrs.
Wm. Marchant and Co.)

"DUKE STREET, CHELSEA." FROM AN
ETCHING BY WALTER GREAVES

Studio-Talk

very spirit of things—the meaning that rests beneath the surface which music so easily reveals.

The Leicester Galleries have been holding an exhibition of landscapes by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton A.R.W.S., an artist who never exhibits now without increasing his reputation. It is possible to compare his art with Mr. Peppercorn's in its sympathy with mood in nature, rather than with mere effect. At the same galleries were also shown one hundred water-colours by the late Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A., better remembered by his big Academy pictures than by his sketches, yet perhaps in the light of this exhibition most deservedly to be remembered for the latter, with their quick synthesis of detail and eager enthusiasm for fresh impression.

The main object of the Walpole Society, recently formed for promoting the study and appreciation of British Art, is to make provision for the collection, preservation and classification of material for facilitating such study. As the usefulness of the Society must depend to a large extent upon the number of its members, all who desire to see the achievements of the great school of British Art better known and more adequately appreciated are urgently invited to join the Society. The annual subscription for members is one guinea, which will entitle them to receive a copy of all the Society's publications. One of the functions of the Society will be to organise exhibitions and arrange for the delivery of lectures. Lord Lytton is president and the names of many men of distinction in the art world figure on the committee. The hon. secretary is Mr. A. J. Finberg, The Arts Club, 40 Dover Street.

Mr. William Rothenstein has been exhibiting at the Chenil Gallery drawings made in India. His

catalogue was prefaced by a note from Mr. H. G. Wells, whose claim that in these drawings of India he finds for the first time in art, or even in literature, the sense of the personalities of its people, as distinct from a conception of countless slender brown men in loin-cloths, sums up in the best possible words the secret that is reached in Mr. Rothenstein's sympathetic pencil lines.

Mr. Andrew F. Affleck held an exhibition of pencil drawings of architectural character at Messrs. Connell and Son's, where his etchings are frequently exhibited. His drawings have an astonishing cleverness and precision, they lose perhaps a little from the flecks of colour that are applied not quite in the same spirit as the realistic pencil work. In the difficulty of dealing in a spirited manner with masses of intricate tracery without relying too much upon mere summary and suggestion Mr. Affleck is especially successful.



"OLD CHELSEA CHURCH AT NIGHT"

BY WALTER GREAVES
(By special permission of Messrs. Wm. Marchant and Co.)



“MOONLIGHT, BATTERSEA”

BY WALTER GREAVES



“OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE, EARLY MORNING”
(*By special permission of Messrs. Wm. Marchant and Co.*)

BY WALTER GREAVES

Studio-Talk

A painter whose work is often very interesting is Miss Rowley Leggett, who has recently held a show of her own at the Alpine Club. She is best as an impressionist, and the more impressionistic she is the better, as in *The Toilet*, *Woman Cooking*, &c.

At the Ryder Gallery Mr. Stewart Dick's water-colours formed a very pleasant exhibition. *The Tower Bridge*, *Volendam Harbour*, *Yellow Boats*, *Dordrecht Harbour*, are pictures which we remember for their success. At the same gallery the bas-reliefs by Mrs. Dick, especially *Old Woman*—*South Holland*, called for much praise.

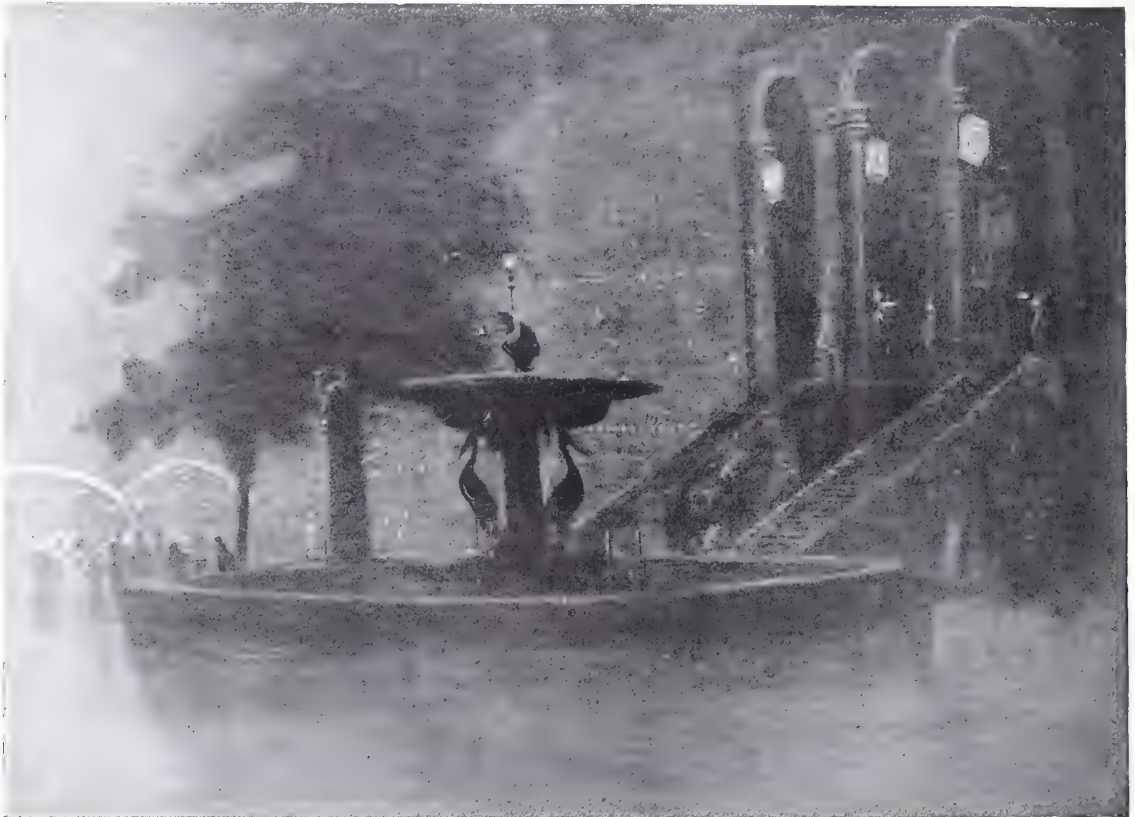
Mr. Clement Heaton has been exhibiting at the Guild of Handicrafts a collection of water-colours of mountain scenery marked by much originality. Mr. Heaton is new to us as a water-colourist but he is to be welcomed to the ranks of those who practise in the art.

The Goupil Gallery has been exhibiting some pictures by Mr. T. E. Mostyn which show the artist

in an unexpected vein. Mr. Mostyn has "let himself go," aiming at suggestion of brilliant colour sensation. Whilst he is often entirely successful in this orchestration of "colour," he is leaving behind for it many qualities of stability and high worth upon which a well-deserved reputation has rested.

Two water-colour exhibitions deserving of mention are Miss E. R. Stone's at the Walker Gallery and Miss Maud Ireland Button's at The St. George's Gallery. Mr. Edgar Seligman held an exhibition of pictures, successful in an impressionistic vein, at the Baillie Gallery.

EDINBURGH.—Scottish art has entered on a new era this year through the provision of facilities hitherto unknown in Edinburgh for the exhibition of work. The conversion of the former Royal Institution building into a home for the Royal Scottish Academy has met a need that has been clamant for generations. Only the exterior of the building has been preserved, a beautiful Grecian structure whose stately



"CREMORNE GARDENS AT NIGHT, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THEATRE AND STOOPING VENUS FOUNTAIN"

BY WALTER GREAVES



"THE HOME OF THE BLUE BIRD"

BY DUDDINGSTONE HERDMAN, A.R.S.A.

features are a commanding centre-piece to the architecture of Princes Street flanked on each side by artistically laid out gardens. The interior has been entirely reconstructed. Ascending a spacious staircase one enters a beautifully designed Sculpture Hall and passes through it to a series of five galleries for oil paintings. On the opposite side to the Sculpture Hall are rooms for the water-colours and architectural drawings, and downstairs is a room for black-and-white work.

These rooms provide 60 per cent. more space than existed previously, but apart from the accommodation available in the former galleries, which, owing to their octagonal form, was large in proportion to the cubic space, there is a feeling of spaciousness and dignity in the new quarters which calls for a bolder and more ambitious type of work than was formerly essential. In this first exhibition in the new rooms the call has been responded to. It is the finest display of contemporary art that has been seen in Scotland for many a long year, and if the standard now set up can be maintained the Academy Exhibitions will no longer be what they have too frequently been — merely a provincial collection, but will take their place among the representative displays of the great art centres. The exhibits number 665, of which 90 are sculptures, 130 water-colours, and 268 oil paintings.

There is no overcrowding. Mediocre work is hardly in evidence. Each picture is surrounded by a portion of free wall space, and the result is a dignified and restful *ensemble*. In point of numbers the loan work in all sections is considerable, but excepting in the Sculpture Hall it is not a dominant note. Sargent's brilliant portrait group of the three sisters of Mr. Wyndham, and his inspired *Mountains of Moab*, Orchardson's captivating *Master Baby*, and two large canvases by the late Mr. McTaggart are certainly sufficiently important to be an arresting note anywhere, but otherwise the loan work, though representing diverse nationalities and various schools of art expression, some of it of superb quality, does not overshadow the Scottish art of the year.

The President, Sir James Guthrie, shows three portraits, *Mrs. Craig Sellar*, *Lady Helen Munro Ferguson*, richly schemed in colour yet beautifully harmonised, and a full length of *Lord Dunedin* in Civil Service uniform, more expressive of the legislator than the administrator, but none the less characteristic. John Lavery has two kit-cat portraits, one his wife and the other Mrs. Ford, subtly interpreted both of them, and *The Green Coat*, forceful and distinguished. Sir George Reid's only contribution is a life-like brown schemed portrait of Mr. Spence Watson, and E. A. Walton



"CAVE-DWELLERS AT PLAY"

BY WILLIAM WALLS, A.R.S.A.

has three portraits: that of Mrs. Pitman entirely satisfactory, the full length of Miss Nan Paterson a little over-emphasised in its slim gracefulness but of beautiful colour quality. Fiddes Watts's virile *Lord Guthrie* marks a further stage of continuous art progression, and Robert Hope's *Miss Salvesen* is beautifully simple and refined.

Very rarely indeed does Mr. Lawton Wingate seek to express himself on a large scale; this year he has done so and with great success. The introduction of the two figures which give the title *Romance* is so unusual as in the recollection of the present generation to be unprecedented, but the interest of the picture lies in its subtly suggestive colour and quiet restfulness. In *Winter Gloaming* A. K. Brown has charmingly attuned mountain and moor, lake and sky in a sober yet uplifting harmony, and George Houston in *Its Dowie in the Hint o' Hairst* has realised the pure though veiled beauty of a Scottish autumnal landscape.

The Last of the Indomitable, by James Paterson, has already been illustrated in THE STUDIO, but the

tragic note has received more emphasis, and as an attempt to paint an idea more than an incident it is an imaginative work of great merit. The Scottish Modern Arts Association has done well to acquire Robert Noble's *Misty Morning*, a picture of willows lovingly bending their silvery grey tresses over the quietly flowing Tyne at East Linton. Three Venetian moonlight scenes, each with a very individualistic note, by Charles H. Mackie, show that Venice is not yet played out as a subject. In a large picture of Barcaldine Moss, J. Campbell Mitchell has struck a joyous note, and, as usual with him, much importance is given to the sky, in which the cloud masses are beautifully formed. Other landscapes of note are James Cadenhead's sweetly attuned *Summer* and Robert Burns's *Lonely Shere*, a nocturne of sensitively graded blue.

In the domain of applied art, much use has been made of Celtic ideals, but only John Duncan among Scottish painters of to-day has made a close study of Celtic myths and sought to visualise these in well-informed decorative painting. His *Riders of the Sidhe*, representing the four Lords of Life on



"PLANTING POTATOES." BY
MARSHALL BROWN, A.R.S.A.

Studio-Talk

their way to the sacred circle to initiate mortals into their mysteries, with its quaintness of design, rich variety of colour, and tapestry-like texture, is a seriously studied and dignified presentment of the legend. Under the title, *The Home of the Blue Bird*, R. Duddingstone Herdman suggests the simple life with nature in the period of youth as the home of happiness, and each figure has its value in embodying the idea. The flesh painting is particularly good. G. Ogilvy Reid's large picture of cavaliers searching for incriminating documents in a room of a lordly mansion-house is a well-informed and attractively composed presentation of one of those dramatic incidents of the civil wars of the seventeenth century to which Mr. Reid has devoted a large part of his work. W. Marshall Brown, in *Planting Potatoes*, has produced a group of field-workers that is thoroughly typical and expressively realistic, while the landscape setting is well thought out. W. S. MacGeorge, in his diploma

work *Hallowe'en*, shows a group of merry children in procession carrying turnip lanterns, striking in its effects of colour and light. Robert McGregor has two small but beautifully phrased figure subjects; R. Gemmell Hutchison an attractive *The Children's At Home*, the figures grouped round a tea-table in a garden, and Graham Glen a vigorously painted group of vocalist, pianist, and violinist rehearsing.

Three animal painters are each well represented. William Wall's *Cave-dwellers at Play*, which has been acquired by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, is a captivating realisation of feline beauty and of sinuosity of form. Robert Alexander's *Hielan' Sheltie* is a most sympathetic rendering of a pony and foal sheltering from the blast, and George Smith, in *Boy feeding Calves*, has never been more convincingly represented.

The water-colour room is quite up to the level



"ROMANCE"

BY J. LAWTON WINGATE, R.S.A.



LADY HELEN MUNRO FERGUSON
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.

Studio-Talk

of the rest of the exhibition. Sargent's *Flannels*, a somnolent group of three figures, is one of the striking examples of virtuosity in the collection, so is Joseph Crawhall's *Huntsmen and Hounds*, while other notable drawings are Degas's *Les Danseuses*, Besnard's *Young Roman Woman*, Hans von Bartel's *Dutch Fisher-women on the Shore*, and Edouard Vuillard's *A Corner of the Library*. Thomas Scott is seen to much advantage in three landscapes. R. B. Nisbet's *Perthshire Moor*, low-toned and restful, is subtly phrased. Henry W. Kerr has a splendid portrait of his brother artist Mr. Robert Alexander and a characteristic study in *The Ruling Elder*. Edwin Alexander has two dainty nature studies, while James Cadenhead, in *Autumn*, shows a refined impressionism the truth of which is only equalled by its restraint.

In the Sculpture Hall the most noteworthy exhibits are Rodin's massive bronze *Head of Victor Hugo* and his sorrowful *Secret of Isis*, Eugène

Emile Moulin's beautiful pastoral bas-relief *Sérénité*, Félix M. Charpentier's joyous *Femme à l'Eponge*, G. Nicolini's eloquently distrustful *Distrust me not*, Sandoz's *Faune Riant* in red marble, and Pittendrigh Macgillivray's sympathetically modelled *Die Loreley*.
A. E.

PARIS. — There is something most pleasantly and curiously romantic and unmodern in the landscape subjects chosen by Mr. Bernard Harrison, the young English artist who has just had the honour of "being bought" by the French State for a National Museum. The two works reproduced here, and which, among others, were exhibited last winter at the Galeries Georges Petit in Paris with the society "La Cimaïse," well illustrate this remark. Mr. Harrison's preference for Italian scenery, his sober, conscientious technique shunning the "slap-dash" methods which nowadays often pass for artistic, contribute, with the composition, to a general



"DORIA PRISON, RAPALLO"

BY BERNARD HARRISON



(See p. 150)

PASTEL PORTRAIT OF
MRS. CATHERINE HOLDEN.
BY PETER ROMNEY.



"LUCCA CATHEDRAL: MOONLIGHT"

BY BERNARD HARRISON

Byronic impression striking a new because long-neglected note which must be re-welcomed. Mr. Bernard Harrison is a familiar exhibitor at the Salon de la Société Nationale, where his sunny views of blue Ligurian bays are unfailingly appreciated by French critics for their sound drawing and harmonious colouring. He has just been elected an Associé of the Society.

M. C.

It is curious that the cause of charity in Paris should be responsible for the most important collection of English pastels of the eighteenth century ever exhibited. There was a time when in France pastel held a particularly honourable and brilliant position—I mean the middle of the eighteenth century, the time of La Tour and Perronneau. It is evident that in England a similar movement existed at a period little if any later. It came as a gradually increasing wave in France and it died away like one, and it rose and fell in England in a similar manner. Unfortunately our greatest pastellists were not of the calibre of those of France, we had no equal to La Tour or Perronneau, but apart from that this exhibition made clear that we had indeed artists of quite remarkable ability as pastellists whose work is able to hold its own with the very talented work done in France at the same period. The work exhibited dates from about the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The exhibition consisted of some one hundred

and sixty-six pictures. Here and there were drawings with no pastel on them at all, there were one or two in gouache and there were a few in which both pastel and gouache were used; this was a very common use of the medium. But these one hundred and sixty-six drawings were contributed by fifty different artists, of whom quite a good proportion were women, and here again the analogy between France and England holds good, for the ranks of the French pastellists were greatly strengthened by the grace and power of Mme. Le Brun, Mme. Roslin and Mme. Guyard.

It is of course unfortunate that a more representative panel could not have been given of some of these English artists. There was one drawing by Gainsborough upon which there was a little colour here and there of chalk or pastel, and there were two others ascribed to him. There were three drawings ascribed to George Knapton, one of very remarkable power, another of extreme interest and a third very unlike the other two. Knapton is now, so far as the public is concerned, an unknown name, but the brilliancy of his work is undeniable. There were two small heads of great charm by Raeburn, one elegant portrait of Queen Charlotte by Angelica Kauffmann, one drawing touched with pastel by John Downman, one by Richard Cosway, two by Peter Romney, and only two by Catherine Read. John Russell was represented by some forty drawings, a very representative collection; if he was not a very great artist, he had a complete mastery of the use of his medium. His strength of colour and the way in which he put it upon the paper made pastel in his hands approximate very closely sometimes to oil-colour, but he was not an artist of one mood or method, and a representative collection of his drawings gives a good idea of the possibilities and character of pastel. Besides these, there was shown, to complete the survey of the wide scope of the use of the medium, the work of artists as dissimilar as John Raphael Smith and Ozias Humphrey, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mary Benwell, and a charming work of Frances Reynolds, a younger sister of Sir Joshua and a true artist, hung near



"PIERROT AND COLUMBINE" BY JOSEF WACKERLE
(See *Berlin Studio-Talk*, p. 161)

a fine portrait by the little known Rev. Matthew Peters. Though John Downman has no real claim to the title of pastellist his portrait drawings are of the greatest beauty. One other artist certainly deserves more than a passing word—Francis Cotes, and when looking at his vivacious portraits so fresh in colour, so modern in treatment, it was almost a shock to suddenly realise they were not portraits of living people but of some who lived quite one hundred and fifty years ago. Similarly there was one drawing by Catherine Read which is eminently important because of its bearing upon the medium itself.

The impression produced by this exhibition was of satisfaction and pleasure in the drawings as a certain quality of colour and light, and they were of that refinement of conception common to the period in which they were executed. This colour and light constitute the peculiar charm of pastel, and it is only when the mistaken modern pastellist tries to imitate the modern oil portrait that the charm of the medium vanishes. Very bad pastels may have a charm solely due to the medium itself, a charm extremely difficult to define, though the purity of pastel may to a certain extent account for it.

There is, too, an additional quality in these portraits now more than a century old—the quality of freshness, and it was to this point that the consideration of the drawings by Catherine Read brought me. One of her drawings was a portrait of Miss Elizabeth Gunning. It must have been done before the year 1778, which is the date of the artist's death, and yet it would be impossible to say from its appearance that it was not drawn yesterday. It is a head with very little space round it. The background is a delicate blue and the rose-coloured velvet round the neck and the red of the mouth complete the only strong colour of the study; all this is delicately and exquisitely done, and it is as beautiful to-day as it was when Catherine Read drew it more than one hundred and thirty years ago. It is certainly a triumph for the medium.

The graceful drawing by Richard Cosway reproduced here and the excellent companion portrait by Peter Romney bring together two artists whose lives gave little prospect of their ever meeting on the footing of artistic equality.



"SELF PORTRAIT" (COLOURED DRAWING)
BY GERTRUD VON KUNOWSKI
(See p. 162)



PASTEL PORTRAIT OF
MRS. KENNEDY-TOMS.
BY RICHARD COSWAY.

Studio-Talk

Cosway was three years old when Peter Romney was born in 1743. From a very humble birth and condition of life, by force of character, Cosway rose to a position of great brilliancy, artistic and social. Academician at thirty, he lived to be the intimate friend of royalty, painted every one of importance in England and extended his artistic conquests even to France, was important enough to be caricatured and lampooned, and died full of honours at the age of eighty-one. But he seems to have had no reputation as a pastellist! He was one of the greatest of miniaturists, certainly the greatest of his day, and he painted in both oil and water-colour, but his pastel drawings are extremely rare. Peter Romney, on the contrary, was a pastellist almost exclusively. He, born also in humble circumstances, was never able to shake off poverty and its attendant distress. A younger brother of George Romney, he seems to have elected pastel as his medium in order to avoid competition with his brother, and he wandered from place to place, throughout the period of his short life, with varying degrees of failure until at last dissipation killed him at the age of thirty-four. Every one knows the name of Richard Cosway, but how few have heard of Peter Romney!

The exhibition has justified itself. Full of charm and beauty, it has taught us that we are richer as a nation in our art treasures than we thought, richer in having had these artists as fellow-countrymen who have lived, and richer in the possession of their work which exists throughout the country and which is, so far as the great mass of the public is concerned, a treasure of art of which hardly the barest glimpse has been obtained.

J. R. K. DUFF.

BERLIN.—The Vereinigte Werkstätten für Kunst im Handwerk recently arranged a ceramic exhibition for their collaborator, Prof. Josef Wackerle. This artist has now removed to Berlin, and on studying his groups and single figures for the old Nymphenburg Porcelain Manufacture and his furniture-woodcarvings for the Bruno Paul workshops, we feel thankful to have such a craftsman in our midst. His porcelain material is of beautiful clearness and gloss and Wackerle handles it with perfect skill. He is equally successful in life-size portraiture as in the smaller plastic genre, and works with temperament and originality. His colouring can be strong or of Copenhagen transparency. He is the producer



"GOATS"

BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL

Studio-Talk

of a rococo infused with a certain broad and caustic humour: his miniature figures bend and twist with perfect suppleness, but their grace has more of the acrobatic than of the ballet character.

Lothar von Kunowski is now considered one of the first art teachers in Germany. His method is enthusiastically adopted by pupils who go in for serious study. He has held schools in Munich and Berlin and has lately responded to a call as head-master in the seminary for teachers of drawing at Dusseldorf. His almost magnetic influence is based on a knowledge of the methods of old and modern masters, on his ability to teach, and even more on his personality. He has been fortunate to find a congenial pupil in his wife, who is able to demonstrate his doctrines by pencil and brush.

The Salon Schulte has been celebrating the sixtieth birthday of Professor Heinrich von Zügel, Germany's greatest animal painter, with an important collective exhibition. Some of the drawings of former years were marvels of mere quadruped portraiture and we could trace the growing importance of the surroundings till mastery was established over every mode of expression and the

most complex subject. Domestic animals, the denizens of our pastures, are Zügel's attractions. He has watched them in their loneliness and in their contact with men, in idyllic and dramatic situations, and his wanderings through the plains of Holland, Belgium, and Germany, as well as his observations of seasons and day-moods, have kept monotony out of his art. The wonderful colour-sense of the painter and his technical *esprit*, which simply invents new means of expression—he uses thumb, knife, file, extra brushes, when a particular effect of plastic form or of light is to be worked out—make the study of his art so refreshing. Zügel has for many years been so absolutely master of his craft that he occasionally dashes off his pictures with too much *élan* and exhibits such sketches in the pride of his heart. The fascination of a mere colour-motif or of the play of the sun will occupy him so passionately that form appears of secondary importance.

J. J.

BARCELONA.—Carlos Vazquez in point of age may still be classed amongst the younger school of Spanish painters. His genius showed itself at a very early age and his work is now well known in nearly every



"THE BUTCHER'S YARD"

BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL



"LA BELLE-MÈRE." FROM THE OIL.
PAINTING BY CARLOS VAZQUEZ



"PHILLIP'S SQUARE, MONTREAL"

BY MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.

country in Europe, except England, where he has never exhibited. His work is also well known in South America and many of his pictures have been purchased there. He studied at the School of Fine Arts in Madrid, and later under Bonnat in Paris, but although his art training was mostly French his work is, and has always been, entirely Spanish; indeed his work has been said by more than one critic to lay open the very heart of Spain. His correctness of drawing, purity of colour and the distinction of his work have gained for him many gold medals, and honours of a more substantial order. Amongst the galleries which have purchased his pictures are the Luxembourg and Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid. For many years his works have hung on the line at the Salon des Artistes Français in Paris. His subjects are many and varied. As a portrait painter he has considerable renown but the subjects that please him best are those which are essentially Spanish. The dark-skinned gitanas, the mountain police in their unique and picturesque uniforms, the curiously dressed peasants of Sala-

manca all appeal to him. In the objects and places that lie nearest he finds beauty; for instance, in his picture *The Wounded Espada* he has used one of the passages of the old Barcelona Bull-ring as his background, but although he lives in Barcelona he is not Catalan, but Castilian of Castille. I. D. W.

MONTREAL.—The last Spring Exhibition of the Canadian Art Association was remarkably successful in point of attendance and number of sales; but, speaking generally, the pictures shown, with a



"WOMAN MILKING"

BY HORATIO WALKER



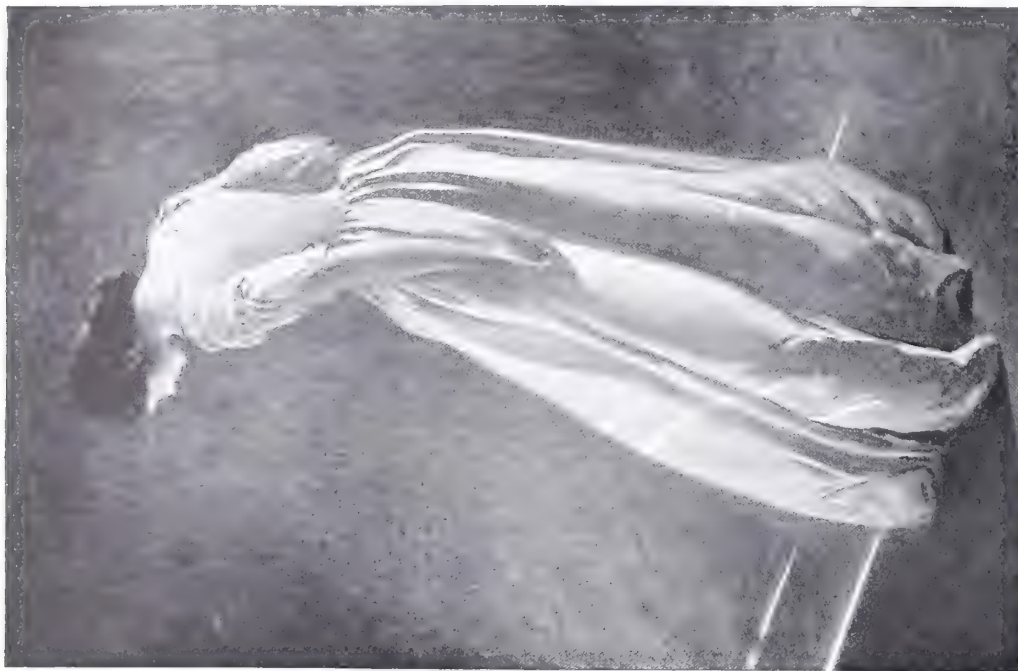
"THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDS"
BY ALGERNON TALMAGE

(See *Pittsburgh Studio-Talk*, p. 167)



SIR JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

BY FRANK CRAIG



"SUNLIGHT"

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER
(Copyright Detroit Publishing Co.)



"AUTUMN"

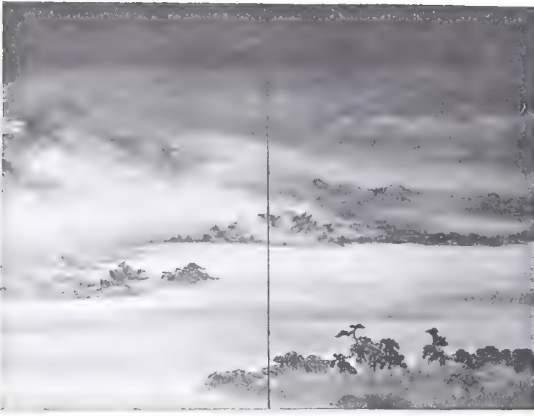


BY NOMURA BUNKYO

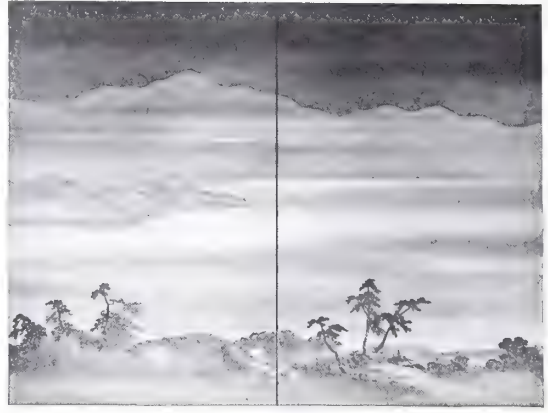
few notable exceptions, were of very mediocre quality. As usual, Mr. James Morrice's exquisite canvases attracted chief attention, and it is satisfactory to note that this distinguished Canadian artist, whose high attainments have so long been recognised and honoured by competent judges abroad, is now beginning to be appreciated at his true value in Canada, and the competition among collectors here to acquire specimens of his work has lately become keen. The Dow Prize of two hundred dollars for the best oil painting in the exhibition was awarded to Mr. Maurice Cullen for his *Phillip's Square, Montreal*, here reproduced. This prize was won in a previous year by Mr. Morrice, who was consequently debarred from again competing.

Another important exhibition held recently was that of the Canadian Art Club at Toronto. Many of the pictures shown here had, however, been previously exhibited at Montreal on the occasion of the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition last November, and among others, Mr. Horatio Walker's *Woman Milking*, here reproduced. The appeal of the original is in its luminous atmospheric qualities, and the well-observed rendering of the beautiful effect of early dawn in spring-time. H. M. L.

PITTSBURGH, U.S.A.—Founder's Day exercises were held at the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, on April 27, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the donor, as the principal guest and the president of Harvard University as the chief speaker. The names of the artists awarded prizes in the Fourteenth Annual International Exhibition of Oil Paintings, which was opened with a private view on April 26, were announced. The Gold Medal, carrying with it an award of one thousand five hundred dollars, was awarded to Mr. John W. Alexander, of New York, for his painting entitled *Sunlight*; the Silver Medal, carrying with it an award of one thousand dollars, to Mr. Frank Craig for his *Portrait of Sir John Jardine, K.C.I.E., M.P.*; and the Bronze Medal, carrying with it an award of five hundred dollars, to Mr. Algernon Talmage for his painting entitled *The Kingdom of the Winds*. Honourable mention was awarded to Gaines Ruger Doneho, New York, for *A Garden*; to Alice Fanner, Datchet, England, for *Sea Bathing, St. Valery on the Somme*; to Joseph T. Pearson, jr., Germantown, U.S.A., for *Ducks in a Marsh*; and to Giovanni Battista Troccoli, Newton Centre, U.S.A., for a *Portrait of Mrs. Brinkerhoff*. The three prize paintings are here reproduced. E. C.



"SCENERY ON LAKE BIWA"



BY NOMURA BUNKYO

TOKYO.—The Japanese art world suffered a great loss by the recent death of Nomura Bunkyo, who was considered the greatest exponent of the Shiokawa style of painting, which belongs to the Maruyama school founded by Ōkyo. He had been working until late one evening on a pair of scrolls (*tsuifuku*) of *Horai-zan*, a favourite landscape subject for

Japanese and Chinese artists, and died suddenly the following morning from congestion of the brain, leaving his pictures unfinished. Thus his last effort was on a landscape painting, in which subject he excelled. *Horai-zan* was the title of a picture he presented to the Crown Prince of Japan at the time when he was a pupil at the Peers' School, where Bunkyo was teaching. This painting gained



"SPRING"



BY NOMURA BUNKYO

Reviews and Notices

for him the recognition of the Imperial family, with the result that many of his rolls, scrolls, and *gwachō* have found their way to the palace. His scrolls depicting Shintaka-yama, a mountain in Formosa, and the scenery of the Bōko Islands, are now in the possession of the Emperor. The exquisite delicacy with which he treated his landscapes can well be appreciated in our reproduction of a part of his *Ōmi Hakkei*, the eight beautiful scenes around Lake Biwa.

Though Bunkyo excelled in landscape to the extent that his name is always associated in the minds of the Japanese with charming landscape paintings, his extreme fidelity in realistic portrayal of animate objects, a strong characteristic of the Maruyama school, made him famous in bird and animal subjects as well. An example of his work in this line may be found in our illustration showing part of his paintings of the *Four Seasons* on *fusuma* (sliding screens) in the mansion of a certain prince in Asabu, Tokyo. He painted by order fifteen birds and animals for the Emperor, who takes a special delight in paintings of animals and birds, so much so that when he was at the mansion of Marquis Mayeda not long ago he ordered Araki Kwampo to paint chickens, Fukui Kotei dogs, and Kawabata Gyokushō rabbits, all in his presence.

Bunkyo was born in Kyoto in 1854, and at the age of thirteen he became Umegawa Tōkyō's *monjin* (pupil) and learned the *ukiyoye* style of painting. But he distinguished himself under Shiokawa Bunrin, after whose death he became the pupil of the famous Mori Kwansai. Bunkyo is known also by the names of Shishoku and Sekisen, and was one of the few painters who held the much-honoured title of "Court artist." We seldom find in his work the freedom and bold brushwork of Gyokushō or the detailed finish of Kwampo. But most of his paintings possess life in calm repose and strength in dignity—a true reflection of his personal character, which was much admired by all who come in contact with him.

He leaves behind him to uphold the name he made famous an adopted son, Sekkō, who is well known as a painter of animals, and especially horses, and among his numerous pupils Fujiyama Kakuji, Ōta Bunbō, Kojima Kagenobu, and Yamaguchi Tōsai have already distinguished themselves.

NAN-KYOKU.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A History of Painting. By HALDANE MACFALL. With a Preface by FRANK BRANGWYN. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) In 8 vols., Vols. I–IV., each 7s. 6d. net.—Defining art as "the emotional utterance of life," in other words, "our emotional means of communion with our fellows," Mr. Haldane Macfall, in his enthusiastic and searching study of the particular art of painting, professes to have found all the critical traditions at fault, and worse than futile. So, as he proudly tells us, he long since cast these aside, and set out to discover for himself in the works of the masters what painting really means, and how a picture should be rightly understood and appreciated according to its significance as an emotional expression of life, and how the craft of it should be distinguished from the art. And having learnt all this to his own satisfaction, he has nothing but scorn and contempt for the scientific critic and the academic professor, while with him the "ordinary critic" is a term of opprobrium for a person who would be far more usefully employed in sweeping a crossing than in writing about any matter of art. He revels in his personal impressions and his independence of opinion, and he never tires of reminding his readers that he thinks, feels, and expresses himself in a manner entirely unlike any other critic, and therefore he must be right. There is quite a Rabelaisian sound about his headings. "Which tells of the Might of Hulking Tom"—here you have Masaccio and his great frescoes. "The Expulsion from Paradise. Wherein we are introduced to a Friar with a Roving Eye"—Fra Lippo Lippi, of course. "Of a dandified Stiggins of vast hand's skill"—who would guess that this chapter tells of the wonderful art of Luca Signorelli, which so powerfully influenced Michael Angelo himself? Then, Sebastiano del Piombo emerges from the chapter wherein we "see a toiling Genius come into a Fat Living, and thereafter fall into the Jovial Life of a Worldly Friar"; and in the fourth volume we are introduced to Hugo van der Goes in a chapter, "Wherein a Riotous Fellow becomes a Monk to keep him from the Bottle, but carries the Bottle into the Cloister." Headings like these might perhaps lead one to suppose that the author had set himself to write a Comic History of Painting, but Mr. Macfall is thoroughly in earnest and he is so entirely sincere in his love and reverence for art that we are sure the reader who follows him with an open mind will be prepared to forgive his habitual tendency to repetition, as well as his occasional looseness of

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phrase and rhetorical exuberance. Whatever his faults, he is certainly a critic with the joy of living art in him, a critic who makes one want to go straight to the pictures themselves, and look at them from his emotional point of view, although of course he is not the first to proclaim the emotional basis of art. No wonder a vital artist like Mr. Frank Brangwyn offers Mr. Macfall the hand of fellowship and gives his benediction to this big undertaking. Each volume, it should be added, contains numerous reproductions in colour of masterpieces representative of the various schools.

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Harry Furniss Centenary Edition. (London: Macmillan and Co.) In 20 vols., 10s. 6d. net each (in sets only).—The present year marks the hundredth anniversary of Thackeray's birth, and perhaps nothing could better befit the occasion than this complete edition of his works, of which eight volumes—including those which, like *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *Henry Esmond*, have made his fame universal—have already appeared, to be followed by the remaining twelve in pairs at monthly intervals. The publishers have striven to make the edition in all respects a worthy memorial of the great author, but it is more particularly in respect of the illustrative matter that the edition commends itself to admirers of his genius. All the illustrations—over 1500 in number—which were designed by Thackeray himself and others for the original editions of the various books, are reproduced, and over and above these there are five hundred plates specially designed for this edition by Mr. Furniss, whose courage in essaying so huge an undertaking can perhaps only be adequately appreciated by those who make book illustration their especial province. To such the "Artist's Preface" which Mr. Furniss contributes to each volume will have particular interest, both as a commentary on Thackeray's work as an illustrator of his own books and as explaining the line he himself has taken in illustrating the successive volumes. In connection with Thackeray's work a feature of peculiar interest is the reproduction of some of his original drawings for the purpose of affording a comparison of them with the wood-cut versions which appeared in the books—a comparison which shows that a great deal was lost in the process of translation at the same time that certain faults of draughtsmanship were rectified.

Impressions of Mexico. By MARY BARTON (London: Methuen and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—Miss Barton's name will be familiar to readers of THE STUDIO as writer of an article on "Painting in

Mexico" in our August number last year. Certain of the drawings which appeared then are reproduced in colour in this book, as well as others, twenty in all, forming a record of the winter the artist spent in the country. Miss Barton does not touch upon the various questions which are causing so much unrest in Mexico at the present time, but her account of her visit is pleasing, though superficial, and one reads with interest her descriptions of the various places she stayed at, though the difficulties and many discomforts she had to put up with in her efforts to fill her sketch-book are not likely to encourage others to go and do likewise.

The Makers of Black Basalts. By CAPTAIN M. H. GRANT ("Linesman"). (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.) 42s. net.—It is somewhat strange that the ware which is the subject of this interesting and copiously illustrated volume should have been overlooked by collectors. That it is "one of the most beautiful and refined in all the realm of ceramics" is sufficiently evidenced by the many fine examples reproduced, and the fact that it is essentially British ought to have saved it from the obscurity into which it has fallen. Wedgwood, whose productions furnish the bulk of the illustrations, seems to have had a special affection for this ware, which enabled him to display his real genius as a potter with far greater effect than other species of ware. In his preliminary essay on "The Ethics of Earthenware," Capt. Grant reveals a keen sense of the qualities which belong essentially to the potter's craft, and his monograph can be commended as a valuable contribution to ceramic literature.

Piranesi. By ARTHUR SAMUEL. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 12s. 6d.—The wide distribution of proofs of Piranesi's etchings has given to them a popularity to which it is now generally recognised their æsthetic merits do not entitle them, for though their draughtsmanship is skilful, and as transcripts of famous classic buildings many of them have an historic value, their general effect is often marred by a confusing elaboration of detail. The author of this monograph displays an enthusiasm for the etcher that will scarcely be shared by his readers, who will, however, find in it an interesting record of a career full of exciting incidents; the section concerning the etchings known as the *Carceri d'Invenzione* being specially typical of the writer's sympathy with the various moods of the engraver.

Indian Drawings. By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc. (Camden, Glos.: The Essex House Press.)—The twenty-nine collotype plates which give this volume its *raison d'être*, comprise a

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very interesting selection of drawings by Indian artists of the Rajput and Mughal schools. These schools, which flourished chiefly in the seventeenth century, were, Dr. Coomaraswamy points out, purely Indian, their drawings and paintings showing very little outside influence, and although there is an apparent kinship to Persian work in some of the productions of the Mughal artists, the analysis he gives of the characteristics of Persian and Indian drawings, elucidated by two outline reproductions typical of both, conclusively rebuts the allegation of Persian influence. These paintings and drawings of the Indian schools, he observes, "are not at all to be dismissed as 'decorative art,' though they possess to the full those qualities of rhythm and design which are essential to all the greatest art. For the most part they are not even book illustrations, but independent works. They reflect with extraordinary intimacy both the life and the ideals of serious men. To know them is to understand the period in which they were produced more perfectly than is possible in any other way."

The Common-sense Collector. By FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 10s. 6d. net. *British Fire-Marks from 1680.* By GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL, M.B., C.M. (Edinburgh: W. Green and Sons.) 7s. 6d. net.—The first of these two works with its fifty odd illustrations of articles in the author's possession is one that every collector should read, for although written especially for the collector of antique furniture—and the collector moreover with little money to spend and none to waste on his hobby—the account of his own experiences will interest those whose fancies turn to other fields. Mr. Moore defends collecting as being the outcome of a deeply rooted instinct, and asserts that it is only the thoughtless and unimaginative who speak of it as a "craze." We readily agree that such "common-sense" collecting as he had in mind in writing his book is perfectly legitimate, on æsthetic as well as utilitarian grounds, but then all collecting is very far from deserving the ascription of "common-sense." What is to be said, for instance, of the collecting of fire-marks—those leaden tablets which the early insurance companies were accustomed to fix on buildings insured with them? Intrinsically there seems to be little in these symbols of a commercial transaction to warrant the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Fothergill in his book about them—the first ever devoted exclusively to the subject. In a case of this sort curiosity will, we think, be amply satisfied by the drawings he has made of a large number of them.

Messrs. Otto Schulze and Co. of Edinburgh have recently published a tastefully arranged Portfolio of Book-plates by Harold Nelson, an artist who has achieved marked success in this line. The portfolio contains twenty-five reproductions, each mounted on grey paper, and among them are several of an armorial character, this being a speciality with Mr. Nelson. The portfolio is issued in a limited edition, at £1 1s. net.

Print Restoration and Picture Cleaning, by Mr. M. J. GUNN (London: Upcott Gill), 6s. 6d. net, contains many useful wrinkles as to the repair and restoration of prints of all kinds, the cleaning of water-colours, the detection of print "fakes," and other matters which commend it to collectors.

The fifth volume of the "Meister der Graphik" series of monographs which Messrs. Klinkhardt and Biermann of Leipzig are issuing, is devoted to *Die Nürnberger Kleinmeister*—a group of sixteenth-century engravers comprising the Brothers Hans Sebald and Barthel Beham Georg Pencz, and the "Master J.B.," a monogrammist of whose identity and personal career practically nothing is known though the initials have been supposed to be those of Jörg Bencz, a variation of Georg Pencz. Herr Emil Waldmann contributes a series of essays to the volume, of especial interest being one on the social conditions of Nuremberg at the time these artists flourished, while in another he examines very critically the hypothesis of the identity of "Master J.B." and Georg Pencz, which he holds to be unproved. Like other volumes of the series, this one is well illustrated, there being fifty-five plates containing in all 223 reproductions, besides a number of text illustrations. The price is 16 marks in wrappers and 18 marks cloth.

The Xenien Verlag of Leipzig have brought out in a limited edition a transcript of the *Hymnen an die Nacht*, by Novalis, a writer who flourished a century ago, and as the "prophet of the Romantic school" of that period is still much read. This transcript has been made by Wilhelm Jaecker in an old Italian script hand, and the reproduction has been tastefully printed on Japanese paper by the Aldus Press. The price is 20, 25, and 30 marks according to the style of the cover.

WE have received from Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, the makers of the popular "Koh-i-Noor" pencils and the equally popular Waterman fountain pens, an assortment of propelling pencils especially designed for carrying in the pocket, which are at once neat in finish and durable in construction.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON OVER-CROWDED EXHIBITIONS.

"I wish our art exhibitions could be arranged on really correct lines," said the Art Critic. "I think most of the present-day shows are curiously lacking in the right kind of atmosphere and it seems to me that this is due to certain defects in the system which controls the organisation of exhibitions in general."

"What do you mean?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "What particular fault have you to find with exhibitions as they are at present conducted? If we must have public art exhibitions they must, as far as I can see, be run on the lines which experience has proved to be convenient. I am quite prepared to admit that the art exhibition is a pernicious and evil thing and ought to be discouraged, but if you accept it as permissible you must also accept its character as something that cannot be changed."

"Not quite," replied the Critic. "The art exhibition, I am afraid, is a necessary evil and we cannot hope that it will cease to be. But by the exercise of a little taste and common sense we could get rid of some of its worst defects and make it much less harmful to art."

"What are the defects of the modern exhibition?" broke in the Young Artist. "Don't make such vague accusations: tell us what you think is wrong with the exhibition system."

"Well, for one thing, I consider that the crowded, incoherent, and untidy jumble of good, bad, and indifferent works of art, which is presented to us at Burlington House and in many other galleries at home and abroad, is the outcome of an absolute misapprehension of the purpose of the exhibition. If artists had a right sense of their responsibilities and of their duty to the arts they profess, they would not take part in such a scramble."

"But they must take part in what you call a scramble," cried the Young Artist, "if their work is to be seen in public. An exhibition must be a jumble if it is to include, as I think it should, all types of production."

"Oh yes, if the public exhibition is a necessary evil it must have its full share of minor defects," commented the Man with the Red Tie. "Incoherence is an inevitable result of the system and you are not going to get rid of it."

"I do not agree with you," returned the Critic. "But just tell me, to clear the ground, what you consider to be the real purpose of the art exhibition."

"Why, of course, to give artists chances of setting their work before the public and of bringing themselves into touch with buyers," asserted the Young Painter. "They depend upon these shows to make their reputations."

"I accept your view," said the Critic. "But does it not occur to you that the artist who allows his productions to be placed in an over-filled gallery where they are seen under the most adverse conditions is hardly likely to make a reputation that will be any use to him? The overcrowded exhibition destroys, or at all events greatly diminishes, the value of every work that is so unfortunate as to be admitted to it. When the hanging of such an exhibition becomes, as it inevitably must become, simply a matter of space-filling, how can proper consideration be given to the arrangement; how can any work be allowed room for the display of its merits, and how can jarring and discordant juxtapositions of things that ought not to be seen together possibly be avoided?"

"But these exhibitions help us to sell our work," protested the Young Painter. "Even if the conditions are so bad we must go on exhibiting or we shall not find buyers."

"Is that so? I doubt it," answered the Critic. "Exhibitions of the type I am instancing are notoriously bad places for selling; and this, if you will think for a moment, should not seem to you surprising. If a tradesman arranged his shop with as little care for the appearance of the goods he had for sale as is shown by the art galleries, he would soon find himself bankrupt; and if the art galleries are shops the goods in them ought to be displayed in the way that will best enhance their attractions. When there is overcrowding nothing has a chance of being seen."

"And if your work cannot be seen it will not make your reputation and it is not likely to sell, is it now?" laughed the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, naturally, if one's work is spoiled by its surroundings its chance of being noticed is seriously diminished," replied the Young Painter; "but when there are so many artists anxious to exhibit, how are you going to prevent overcrowding? If the profession is overcrowded the galleries must be too."

"Not necessarily," said the Critic. "Raise the standard of exhibitions; choose fewer things, and space out with more taste and discretion those that are chosen. Think more about the good of art and do not try so laboriously to please everybody. That is the best way to cure the present evil."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Gifford Beal



OGUNQUIT, ME.

BY GIFFORD BEAL

SOME PAINTINGS BY GIFFORD BEAL BY RALPH W. CAREY

FEW, if any, external influences have made themselves more potently felt in American art than the geographical one exerted by the coast of Maine. There is something characteristically American typified by these rugged, rocky shores and the endless, tumultuous surge of the ocean waves upon them, which has been the inspiration for some of our greatest and most truly national paintings. This same influence had much to do with the according to the late Winslow Homer of his position as the most American of our great contemporaneous artists, and is plainly visible in the work of a long line of only less famous names, among them Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Waugh.

In such a list must now be included the name of

Gifford Beal, who has won for himself a prominent place among our painters of marines. Few among our present-day artists have been more successful in seizing the fleeting shape of the breaking wave dashing its spray against the jagged rocks, or the long white combers as the incoming tide urges their further and further encroachments upon the beach. He seems to have a special facility for depicting on canvas the very motion of the water, and of expressing with his brush and pigments its life and pulsating vitality.

This in itself is a notable accomplishment, but it assumes an added significance when one takes into account the fact that most of Gifford Beal's career is in the future, as he must still be reckoned among the youngest of successful artists. Born in New York, he was graduated from Princeton in 1900. His education in art, already begun, was then continued, principally at the hands of Wil-

Gifford Beal

liam M. Chase, Frank Vincent Du Mond and Henry Ranger. Though never actually a pupil of the latter, he profited not a little by the example and kindly interest of the elder artist.

Barring his perfectly justified predilection for marines, a characteristic of Mr. Beal is, paradoxically speaking, to have no characteristics—more exactly, perhaps, no mannerisms. He has kept himself untrammelled by any expected allegiance to any group of painters, and has resolutely avoided allying himself with any so-called “school.” He paints things as he sees them, strongly and vividly, and, far from being restricted to the kind of work with which, because of its excellence, his name has been intentionally associated above, his versatility extends to no less creditable achievements in landscape painting. Indeed, as long ago as 1903 a cattle picture, *Returning Home*, won a prize for Mr. Beal at the Worcester Art Museum.

And even in his pictures of water he has shown a wide range of capabilities. He has painted it in a state of absolute serenity, deep, dark, cold and mysterious, in his *Norwegian Fjord*, a canvas which, with its sense of misty distance and its lofty, beetling promontories, their summits lost in clouds above, while their reflections disappear into the abyssmal depths below, suggests the grandeur

as well as the romance of a Wagnerian scene. Something, too, of the same mystic effect has been obtained in his painting of a more familiar though scarcely less picturesque spot, the storied Crow Nest and Storm King in the Highlands of our own Hudson. Here the gathering gloom of evening softens the outlines of the picture, merging the hills into the watery shadows, which are themselves relieved by the lights of a river boat wending its lonely way southward, its wake the only disturbing element on the glassy tranquillity of the river's surface.

Mr. Beal's painting of the *Harbor at Norwich, Connecticut* was awarded a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition. More recently, in 1909, the annual Shaw Purchase Prize at the Salmagundi Club went to his *Wappinger's Falls*, a canvas whose seething, foaming, boiling torrent is in itself sufficient to establish its artist's reputation as a painter of water in action. Finally, at the National Academy of Design in 1910 his *Palisades in Winter* won for him the first Hallgarten Prize. Other examples of Mr. Beal's work hang in the Art Museum at San Francisco and in the Lotos Club, New York, of which he is a member. He is also an active member of the Salmagundi Club and of the American Water Color Society, and an associate of the National Academy of Design.



CROW NEST AND STORM KING

BY GIFFORD BEAL



A NORWEGIAN FJORD
BY GIFFORD BEAL

The Art of Ernest Haskell

THE ART OF ERNEST HASKELL
BY A. E. GALLATIN

UNTIL last spring, when an exhibition of his work was held in New York, Mr. Ernest Haskell's exquisite and elegant art was known only to the more discriminating and observing of amateurs. And to them only through scattered decorative designs in certain periodicals and by the artist's immensely clever and amusing pastel of Mrs. Fiske and charcoal drawing, tinged with caricature, of Mr. Whistler, which have been frequently reproduced. The exhibition proved to be one of the most interesting and important one-man shows of the season and introduced to us the work of a young American artist whose genius is of the creative order and whose art is most personal. Rare qualities, indeed!

Just as Whistler to the last was always a student and an experimenter, so is Haskell, and his point of view is invariably fresh and engaging. In his decorations in black and white, pastel portrait drawings, monotypes, lithographs, etchings, pencil drawings and silverpoints—and examples of all of these were shown—one is constantly impressed with the great individuality of the artist, as well



Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Company, New York

THE FRUIT SHOP

BY ERNEST HASKELL

as with the style and distinction which dominate his art. One is also amazed at the versatility of this man, who has conquered so many media, for, in addition to those enumerated, Haskell has done work in oils and in water color, besides some modeling in wax.

In his work in black and white Haskell has executed some really notable drawings. His landscapes vibrate with light and air and his treatment of trees and foliage, which are always drawn direct from nature, is quite extraordinary and comparable in quality to Maxfield Parrish's, while the rendering of cloud effects is also very beautiful. The wealth of minute detail employed in these drawings detracts no more from the general composition than it does from a drawing by Beardsley or Parrish or an etching by Dürer, the design always being intensely decorative in feeling. The portrait drawings, the majority of them done with pastels, in

Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Company, New York

FRITZ ROCKWELL, ESQ.

BY ERNEST HASKELL

The Art of Ernest Haskell

which a much more flexible and supple line has been employed, are charming and gracious, even if they are not invariably faithful likenesses of the sitters. This, however, is not one of the canons of art criticism, because a picture to be great need not of necessity be also a document.

The artist's monotypes, some of which have been worked on in pastel, have been most skilfully executed and display a sound knowledge of the resources of the technique of this fascinating form of reproduction. Several of these monotypes, in particular those of young girls in quaint costumes, were most captivating—alluring in color, as well as agreeable in composition. The silverpoint, that most delicate of all media, involving, as it does, the most exact kind of draughtsmanship, it would seem must have been invented expressly for the display of this artist's talents, so delightful are his drawings made in the manner so closely linked with the name of Legros, and before him with that of Leonardo.

Haskell has made a number of very brilliantly executed etchings, including a charming series known as "The Paris Set," which at times suggest Whistler, without being actually imitative. Others display an intelligent study of the plates of Rem-



Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Company, New York

MRS. FISKE

BY ERNEST HASKELL

brandt and Dürer. He has also produced some extremely beautiful lithographs, that of Miss Maude Adams, as "Juliet," being particularly delightful, while the *Nude* shown at this exhibition was comparable to one of Charles Shannon's stones, so graceful it was, so vaporous and so full of suggestion.

Arthur Symons once said: "Taste in Whistler was carried to the point of genius, and became creative." And this is also true of Haskell, for he takes as much pains in placing his name or signature device upon a design as did Whistler, and always, like Whistler's butterfly, it is a necessary part of the composition. His frames, usually made of natural wood, are invariably severely simple, while the mats, of exactly the correct proportions, often have been decorated by the artist and sometimes have on them a border of brown lines and gold stripes, with water-color wash.

A. E. G.



Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Company, New York
LANDSCAPE

BY ERNEST HASKELL



Original Owned by Gutzon Borglum, Esq.

Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Company, New York

THE MONARCH
BY ERNEST HASKELL

The American Water Color Society

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY
BY ALICE T. SEARLE

THE New York art season annually opens and adjourns with an exhibition of water colors. That of the Water Color Club in the autumn has rather the advantage of the later show in that it is presented to the public at a time when it is in its most appreciative mood, before the satiety born of an overcrowded exhibition season sets in.

Probably with a realizing sense of this handicap the management of the American Water Color Society this year, in its forty-fourth annual exhibition, ventured to limit the number of pictures to less than one-half the usual number and hung them for the most part in one line on the walls of the south and center galleries at the Fine Arts Building. The result of this innovation was, on the whole, successful, though it cannot truthfully be said that the "tact of omission" on the part of the jury gave the expected strength and dignity to the display. The exhibition lacked variety, vigor and originality, and this was in large part due to the absence of black-and-white work, illustrations, prints, etc.

An impressive group of twelve characteristic sketches by Winslow Homer in the center gallery stimulated the tone of the show. Although several had been seen earlier in the year, the public never wearies of these brilliant, colorful, truthful interpretations of the peculiar character and charm of our own coast scenery. The studies of the black bass of Florida, with their literal rendering of wondrous color, and glittering surfaces, were notably conspicuous. The center picture in the

group, entitled *Negro on Boat, Nassau*, was wholly representative of the master's highest achievement in this medium. It depicted a skilfully composed group of fishing boats in harbor at the sunset hour, with idling, half-clad negroes on the decks. The force and directness with which this was painted, and its expression of beauty combined with absolute truth, were remarkable. Another owned by Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, called *Peril of the Sea*, was in this same class. These, with the two or three examples typical of the Maine coast, loaned for the occasion, made up a collection which proved to be the significant feature of the exhibition and one of important educational value as well.

The Evans prize, for the most meritorious water color painting, was awarded Charles H. Woodbury for the *Evening*, a study of a stretch of the dunes near Ogunquit, Me. In the same gallery were two other contributions by Mr. Woodbury, in his better-known style, *The Wave*, a splendidly drawn, dramatic marine, and *A Clear Day*, with conspicuously beautiful color. Jules Guerin showed one of his studies of the Holy Land; Childe Hassam, an impression of a thunderstorm; Jerome Myers, *The Calico Market*, a street note, and near by was discovered a beautifully idyllic study of the nude, by Albert F. Schmitt, called *A Spring Morning*. The



STRANGE PORTS

BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

The American Water Color Society

clever Japanese, Kataoka, showed *The Twilight Gate* hung next an entertaining picture of one of his charming countrywomen by C. D. Weldon. Ivan G. Olinsky, a new comer, who is certainly not a novice, had an interesting coast scene, entitled *The Race*. A. Schille, of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the largest contributors, sending five pictures, varied in subject, but all characterized by her direct, staccato-like technique and pure color. *The Mother Putting on Child's Shoe* and *A Sleep After the Bath* had unusually fine qualities and were deservedly popular. Among other noteworthy exhibits, lending dignity to the show, were some pleasantly low-keyed Naples sketches by Alexander Robinson, Brittany subjects by Elizabeth Nourse and F. Hopkinson Smith and a typical New York City view by Colin Campbell Cooper of *Broadway from the Post Office*. Gifford Beal in his circus picture, *The Elephants*, was amusing. Hilda Belcher was represented by a single picture, a portrait of *Mrs. John H. Richards and Her Daughter Betsy*, a charmingly posed, sympathetic and serious piece of work.

The south gallery showed some strong landscapes, as well as a number of trivial sketches and notes by well-known men. It might almost have

been inferred at first glance at the walls that at this tag-end of the season portfolios had been ransacked and here and there an interesting sketch brought to light and sent forthwith to the exhibit. The few important compositions gained in distinction by contrast, however, and among those noted were I. A. Josephi's *Pasture*, a breezy skyscape; Charles W. Eaton's Italian scenes, Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel's *Sierra Madre*, Fred Wagner's *Old Market Place*, Alonzo Klaw's *Winter Landscape* and Henry Reuter dahl's *North River*, a pastel. The latter's second contribution, *Strange Ports*, a strikingly original composition with its romantic appeal, proved one of the most popular pictures with the public. The *White Boat*, by David B. Milne, was a clever example of the newest theories of post impressionism. William J. Glackens's chalk drawing of the East Side proved one of the biggest things in the show.

Everett Shinn, Charles P. Gruppe, Arthur Davies, Clara MacChesney, E. Lambert Cooper, Rhoda Holmes Nichols, Rosina Emmet Sherwood, Ross Turner, Harry Townsend, Mary Langtry and Mary Cassatt were all represented by work of varied interest and character. A. T. S.



SIERRA MADRE

BY MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO VANTINE'S

By ELBERT HUBBARD

I HAVE just made a little journey to Vantine's.

Vantine's is a bazaar, an object lesson, a sermon, a school, a fair, an exposition—a store. There is only one objection to the place, and that is, it exhausts your stock of adjectives.

I have known Vantine's for a quarter of a century. I used to stand outside the show windows and look long, also longingly, at the beautiful things displayed, but until recent years I never went inside, because in some way I imagined that Vantine's was out of my reach.

I thought that anything that Vantine displayed was so high in price that no one, unless he were in the Yim Hill class, could afford to put his beak inside the door.

There are many people in New York who have never been to Vantine's—people born in New York and grown to manhood's estate—yet Vantine's was started before I was born—and that was over half a century ago.

Now that I have spent a couple of hours looking over this little Permanent Exposition, for about the steenth time, I am amazed that any one living in the vicinity of New York should not have made this pilgrimage.

Vantine deals in curios, art fabrics, individual bits of hand carving, embroideries, silk patterns, ivory, lamps, shades, teakwood carved by men and women with all the time there was.

He who has not seen Vantine's has something to live for; otherwise, he will grope through life surrounded by an aura of ignorance, blase, bloated, self-satisfied, untaught, hiking down life's highway to dusty death—the buzz wagon of fate close upon his heels. Poor Man! To live long and well you must know what is being said and done by the rest of mankind.

THE TREASURES OF THE STORIED EAST

It is a marvelous thing to know what our brown and yellow brothers are doing in Japan, China, India, Persia, Turkey and the islands where the palms lift their fronded forms in air, and the spices send curious scents out to meet the traveler.

We sometimes say that we can make anything in America that they can anywhere in the round world. This does credit to the heart of the man who says it, but reflects no compliment to his head. In fact, the exquisite things, requiring great patience, skill and care to think out and then execute, can only be made by people who have passed through the pioneer stage in which we, as a people, now linger.

The Japanese detect shades, tints and perfumes that are beyond us and outside of our range and realm, because they have been educated in a way that we have not.

THE JOY OF VISITING VANTINE'S

Go to Vantine's! Don't think you are compelled to buy. Simply go and see and look and linger and examine.

Behold rugs made in the fifteenth century—before Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the west. Rugs made before the days of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci—individual things, the price of which is three or four or five thousand dol-

lars. Then, side by side with these, you will be shown other rugs which to me were just as beautiful—perhaps more so—made in imitation of the antiques; things worked out with the same loving care and indifference to the flight of time, that can be bought for one hundred dollars.

The joy of visiting Vantine's is that you are not deceived as to values.

The prices placed upon the articles are not the art value, or speculative value, but simply the commercial value. It is art commercialized!

That is to say, the thing has been purchased for what it is worth—what it will bring. You are buying of men who know exactly what they are selling. They have a pedigree of these articles which they offer. They know where they come from, how they are produced, what they are worth.

VALUES AND INTRINSIC WORTH

I suppose there are a great number of people just like myself who imagine that everything in Vantine's is very costly, whereas the real fact is that beside the rare and precious antiques coming to us from centuries ago, there are other things in great profusion in the way of fabric and art treasures that are to be purchased for very moderate sums. At Vantine's I saw Japanese brocades at fifty dollars a yard, twenty-seven inches wide, and side by side were shown fabrics that could be bought for three dollars a yard, seemingly equally attractive. The difference was that one had history behind it, the other had not.

A HALF CENTURY OF FAIR DEALING

Housekeepers and all who love the beautiful would do well to inform themselves as to the values of these treasures, and I do not know of another school in America where the knowledge of values can be attained so well as at Vantine's.

At Vantine's they are not afraid to tell the truth. The Vantine folks recognize that to deceive the customer would be a calamity for Vantine; also, to sell anybody anything he does not want, or to sell anything at a price beyond what it is worth, would not be a mistake, it would be a sin.

A half century of fair dealing lies behind this concern.

If it comes from Vantine's you know it is not shoddy or bogus. If you buy it at Vantine's you'll be proud to say so.

At Vantine's you are dealing with experts who have only one ambition and desire, and that is that you should know as much about a thing as they do, and when this is done, if you wish to purchase, you have the opportunity.

The methods of booth and bazaar, which usually obtain in places where curios are kept and sold, do not prevail at Vantine's. Here the American philosophy of one price and absolute truth is the watchword.

THE INTERIOR OF VANTINE'S

Vantine's is not so big in compass that it tires you out and sends you away with a confused jumble of impressions.

I was delighted to see that at Vantine's the furnishings are not in competition with the goods offered.

Beware of the place fitted up like the Golden Nugget Barroom in Dead Gulch.

Absolute simplicity prevails at Vantine's in way of fixtures and furnishings. Everything is simple, plain, wide open and direct. Men and women salesmen here have time to display goods and to tell you all you wish to know about them.

THE MAKING OF GIFTS

People with hazy ideas as to what they want in the way of presents for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, would do well to visit Vantine's. There is nothing else in the wide world like it, and nothing else just as good.

Don't go to Vantine's with any thought that you have to mortgage your house and lot.

If you have five dollars to spend, ten dollars, one hundred dollars, go and consult Vantine's and see for yourself what you can get in the way of things of which there are no duplicates.

Or, if you have no money to spend and do not want to buy, my advice is, go anyway and see this wonderful store, and you will remember me with gratitude for having called it to your attention.

THE WONDERFUL DISPLAY

There is no other store in the world that carries so big and varied a stock of Oriental silks as you can see here.

If I were a teacher in a high school in the vicinity of New York I would take my pupils in companies of a dozen to visit Vantine's, and there I would study the manufacture, the dyeing, the hand painting, the decoration, and the preparation of silk fabrics.

How many people know that the genuine pongee silks are hand woven, made in China, and sell here at from one dollar to four dollars and a half a yard!

Here are silks made for men's suits, which in beauty, strength and effectiveness defy the dictionary.

Here are lamps of one thousand and one varieties, with the light turned on, worked out in poems of leaded glass.

Here are stone lanterns from Japan, bearing the loving marks of the chisel, carved by artists who work for twenty cents a day and are glad of the chance.

If one would study the Orient here is the opportunity. Crepes, cashmeres, shawls that can be drawn through a finger ring, kimonos from three dollars up to two hundred; coats worn by Chinese dignitaries and discarded, upon which are worked out sonnets in design and quatrains in color.

If you do not want to buy you can at least store your mind with enough impressions to fill you with gladsome glee for years to come, and, in addition, you can stick closely to the truth and get yourself placed in the Ananias Club by telling your friends of the things you have seen at Vantine's.

The only way, then, for you to get back to solid footing is to get your accusers to go to Vantine's and see for themselves.

Here the art lovers meet; those who hunger after the gewgaw and long for the gim-crack go elsewhere.

If you do not know Vantine's, you surely do not know America, much less China, Japan and India.

Vantine's is a store that has a soul.

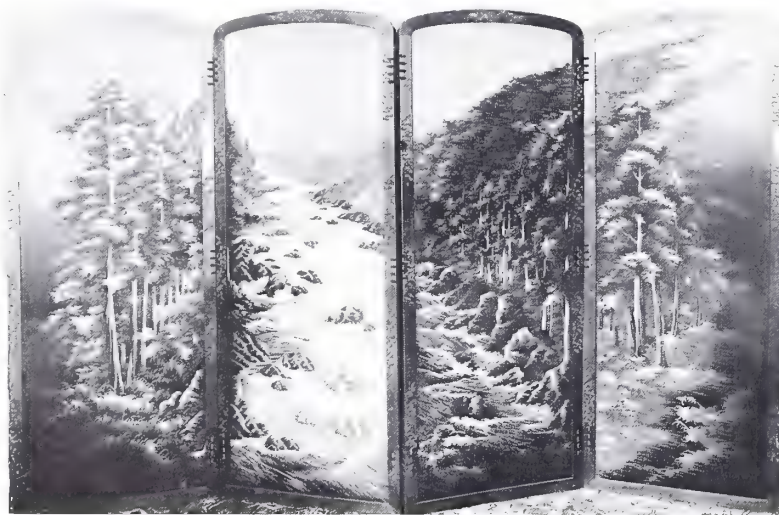
And folks with the Vantine Habit are distinguished people.

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American homes have special need of screens because varying climatic conditions have made our architecture draughty and heating apparatus inconvenient, and because the introduction of apartment houses in the cities has, in so many instances, abolished the protecting door.

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Four-fold, 5½-foot satin screens, carved frames, silk-embroidered panels, various color grounds, dark green, with light green Poppy, black frame; white, with colored Peony, light colored frame; yellow with Wistaria and light frame; dark red with red Iris, black frame; dark red with Wistaria, in white, black frame; old blue with Iris, light frame; dark green with Wistaria, black frame, \$45.00.

Among recent importations are some most excellent embroidered pieces, hard to distinguish from painting. One of them has a design of Chrysanthemum on black satin ground, with the most exquisite colorings, \$125.00.

Another shows the Yoshe River, with mountains and rapids on dark green satin, with Sakura wood frame, landscape back, 4-fold, 5½-feet high, \$225.00, (illustrated.)

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A GOOD screen is as truly a work of art as it is a useful article of furniture. Furthermore, Japanese screens have come to be so definitely recognized as the type and standard that the article and the nation are usually associated as a matter of course.

This is doubtless due to the fact that the screen lends itself peculiarly well to the display of two branches of art in particular in which the Japanese are notably expert—painting and embroidery. There is little choice between a panel of costly wood, carrying a design done in most exquisite style by the brush of an artist, and one of textile whose similar decorative scheme is superbly rendered in rich silks by the embroiderer's needle.

The most striking characteristic of Japanese art is the adaptation of nature subjects to decorative design, and here again the screen supplies a most convenient and appropriate medium for their effective display, the use of a number of panels permitting of vastly wider scope of treatment than the limitations of a single frame.

These nature subjects broadly divide themselves into two classes—landscapes on the one hand, and flowers, foliage, etc., on the other. In the former the sacred Fuji is very often in evidence, rearing its stately summit in the background. Evergreen groves and realistic mountain torrents are also subjects which appeal strongly to the native talent. When we come, however, to the second class, the floral designs, we find the greatest enthusiasm lavished on the representations of certain flowers which have a special national significance for the beauty-loving Japanese.

Foremost among these is the cherry blossom, whose blooming time brings with it the principal festival, or holiday, of spring. None but a Japanese could give the verisimilitude of nature with its indescribably delicate tints and shadings to the reproductions of this flower, a branch of which trained gracefully across the several panels of a screen produces a result which Keats would call "a joy forever." Equal skill is shown in the lifelike clamberings of the wistaria, with its clustered drooping racemes of purple or white blossoms. So also with the chrysanthemum, peony and poppy, and the lacelike branches of the native forms of maple.

Infinite care, marvelous skill and a deep-rooted love of the work and of the subjects depicted are all essential elements in the attainment of the degree of perfection exemplified in the best of the Japanese screens, which as a form of art seem doubly to fulfil the injunction of William Morris to "have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and The Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters announce that under their joint management the Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Society will be held in the galleries of the Academy, Philadelphia, from Nov. 11 to Dec. 17, 1911, inclusive.

The exhibition will consist exclusively of original miniature paintings which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia, and a Loan Collection of old Miniatures.

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LANDSCAPE GARDENING STUDIES



By **SAMUEL PARSONS**

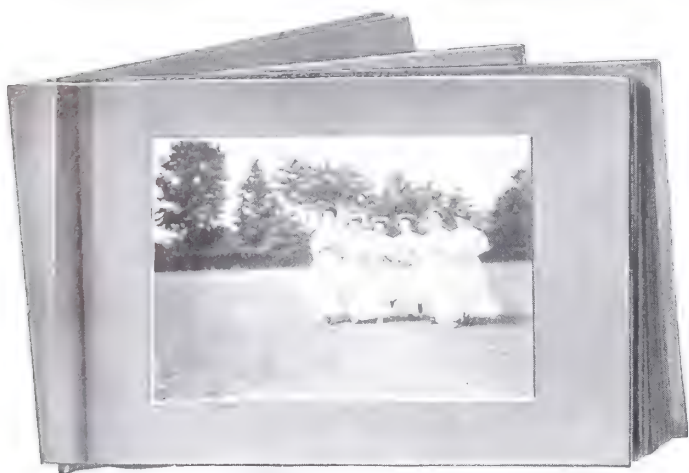
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BOCCARO WARE

THE fine-grained stoneware of the Chinese potters, known by the Portuguese as Boccaro ware, was first produced in the Ming Dynasty, at Yi-Hsinghsien, near Shanghai, province of Kiangnan, says a writer in the *Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Museum*. It varies in color from a deep rich red to a brown or chocolate tint, and occasionally runs into buff, the deep red, however, predominating. This ware is usually decorated with relief designs, or occasionally with enamel colors. The reliefs appear to have been engraved in the mold and not applied. If they have been molded separately the marks of application have been so carefully removed as to defy detection. The pieces of this ware are usually very carefully potted and are of simple and elegant form, the paste being so fine textured, homogeneous and hard that it cannot be marked with a steel point. Sometimes the decorations contain panels with backgrounds of impressed diaper work. The Chinese Boccaro ware was extensively reproduced by certain European potters during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Some time between 1690 and 1710 two brothers, John Philip and David Elers, who are believed to have learned their trade in Holland, began the manufacture of red stoneware, in imitation of the Chinese Boccaro ware, at Bradwell, near Burslem, in Staffordshire, England. Their productions bear a close resemblance to the red ware of Ary de Milde and other Dutch potters of the same period, but are denser and harder.

Elers's stoneware is characterized by delicacy of form and careful potting. The pieces are usually of small size, such as tea-pots, mugs and cups, and are embellished with reliefs formed by placing bats of plastic clay on the surface and stamping them on with little molds, the outlines of the edges of the molds being usually visible. In this respect their method was similar to that of the Dutch potters. The color of the genuine Elers ware, which is exceedingly hard, is a rather pale red. Many contemporary imitators (among whom were Twyford and Astbury, who, by pretending to be idiots, gained admittance to the Elers pottery, where they learned the secrets of the manufacture) soon sprang up and some of their work so closely resembles the Elers ware that it is often difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Elers ware possesses no glaze, but has a smooth, velvety surface. It was never polished on the lapidary's wheel, as was one variety of Bottger's stoneware.

We have seen large tea kettles, brazier and other forms of red stoneware in museums and private collections labeled Elers, but while such pieces may be desirable, they more properly come under the head of the Elers school, and are probably of a somewhat later date. They often bear imitation Chinese marks. Some of the best Elers pieces are marked with simulated Chinese square devices, impressed in the paste.

In the eighteenth century imitations of the red stoneware of Bottger were produced at Bayreuth, Bavaria. This ware was made of bright red clay, burned tolerably hard and covered with a rich chocolate-brown glaze, over which gold or silver decorations were placed. This ware was



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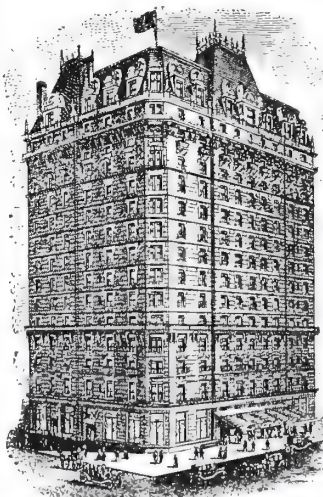
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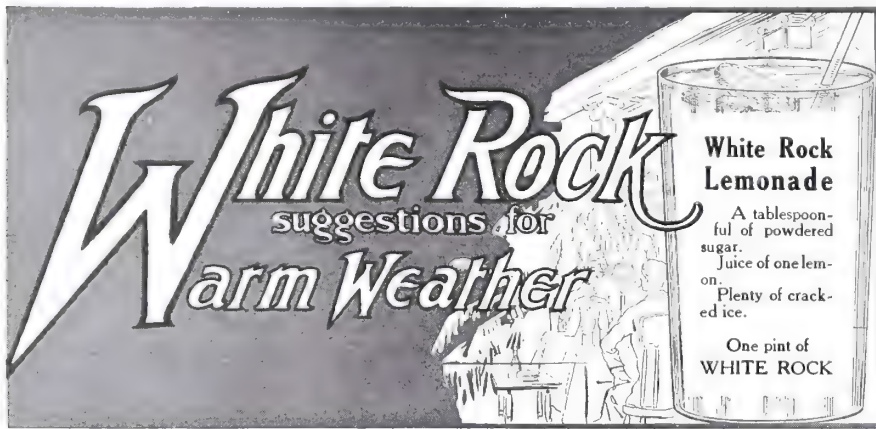
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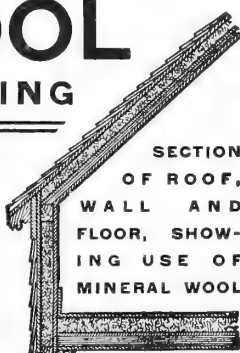
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evidently made to imitate that variety of Bottger ware which was covered with a brilliant brown glaze or lacquer, and decorated in gold. The metallic decorations of the Bayreuth red pottery has been applied solidly (in silhouette) and the details have been brought out by incised lines. The silver is often tarnished but can be made bright by rubbing with a knife blade.

Since the Bayreuth ware is frequently sold for Bottger ware, and is sometimes so labeled in public museums, it is important that collectors should learn to discriminate between them. The principal point of difference is in the relative hardness. Bottger stoneware is so dense that it cannot be marked with steel, but the red pottery of Bayreuth can be scraped away with a knife point or cut on the thin edge with a blade. The Bottger ware of the same character possesses a heavier, richer and more brilliant glaze.

A GIFT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

IT WAS recently announced that Mr. George A. Hearn, of New York City, had given \$100,000 in cash and several priceless pictures to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in memory of his son, the late Arthur Hoppock Hearn. The income is to be used for the encouragement of art in this country and is to be expended for paintings by persons now living, who are or may at the time of purchase be citizens of the United States, or by those hereafter born who may at the time of purchase have become citizens thereof. The pictures presented are: *A Portrait of Arthur Hoppock Hearn*, by Alphonse Jongers; *On the Maine Coast*, by Winslow Homer; *Wood's Island Light*, by Winslow Homer; *The Harrower, Morning*, by Horatio Walker, and *Spring Blossoms*, by George Inness.

Up to July, 1909, eighty-four works, thirty-nine of which were by Americans, had been donated by Mr. Hearn to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His collection goes back a quarter of a century and includes, not only pictures, but porcelains, in particular ivories, of which he possesses probably the most extensive and unique examples, not alone in this country, but in the world.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art accepted Mr. Hearn's offer with a vote of thanks, and requested him to allow the Museum to have his portrait painted and hung with his collection.

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A PAINTING BY PERUGINO

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired by purchase a small painting representing the *Resurrection* by the important Umbrian master, Perugino. It is a part of a predella, the other panels of which—*The Nativity*, *The Baptism*, *Christ and the Woman of Samaria* and *Noli Me Tangere*—are now in the possession of Mr. Martin Ryerson, of Chicago. These pictures were formerly in the Barker collection, dispersed in 1874, from which the National Gallery acquired several important works. In 1892 these predelle were exhibited in the Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House, at which time they belonged to the Earl of Dudley. Of what altarpiece they formed a part is not known.

The museum's picture is painted, as described in *The Bulletin*, on a panel 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches high by 19 inches wide. Christ, holding a banner, stands on an uncovered sarcophagus in the center, about which are four watchers, three asleep and one who starts away in fright. The banner and the drapery on the figure of Christ are red, and red occurs in the costume of each of the soldiers. There is a landscape of great beauty.

The poses in *The Resurrection* are similar to many others in Perugino's pictures. No great master was more economical in novelties than he. Figures and groups he repeats many times with little or no variation. Each of his figures is isolated, and unless the Child happens to sit on His mother's knee one rarely touches another. His one expression is peace and calmness, no matter what the subject. The Saints in his *Crucifixions* are only pensive, and they seldom look at the Christ. Nor do the adoring angels pay any particular attention to the Madonna, and she is as impersonal as they, without a touch of humanity. In one of his pictures St. Bernard raises his hands in mild astonishment as the Virgin appears to him, but generally his people are dreamy and withdrawn from any actuality.

The figure of Christ in the present picture occurs in many others of Perugino's works—in the *Ascension* at Borgo San Sepolcro, for instance, and in all his *Resurrections*. In the small picture at Munich the disposition of the figures is almost identical with one figure reversed. In the much-discussed Vatican *Resurrection* it is as though the painter (Perugino, according to Vasari and several of the most prominent living authorities, Lo Spagna, according to Morelli) had taken this picture for a model and rearranged the figures for another shape.

As in all of Perugino's art the expression of hushed serenity pervades the painting. It is not difficult to analyze so distinct and pure a quality toward which the skill of the painter and his temperament have uniquely bent. The unconcern of the Christ and the supineness of the sleeping guards give the dominant note. In the whole picture the only movement to be found is in the pose of the soldier who has awakened, and in the undulations of the banner and of the drapery of Christ.

The composition has the tranquillity that perfect balance brings, the units being arranged as for an architectural design; figure balances figure and hill balances hill as do windows and columns in a façade. The mood of the landscape is yet more placid than that of the figures. The scene takes place on a field rising into hillocks to right and left. There is a broad valley beyond, where a quiet river flows past a city to the sea. On either side are mountains whose successive ridges show sharp in the morning light, which, welling up from the horizon, suffuses all the picture with the cool, golden color of the summer dawn.



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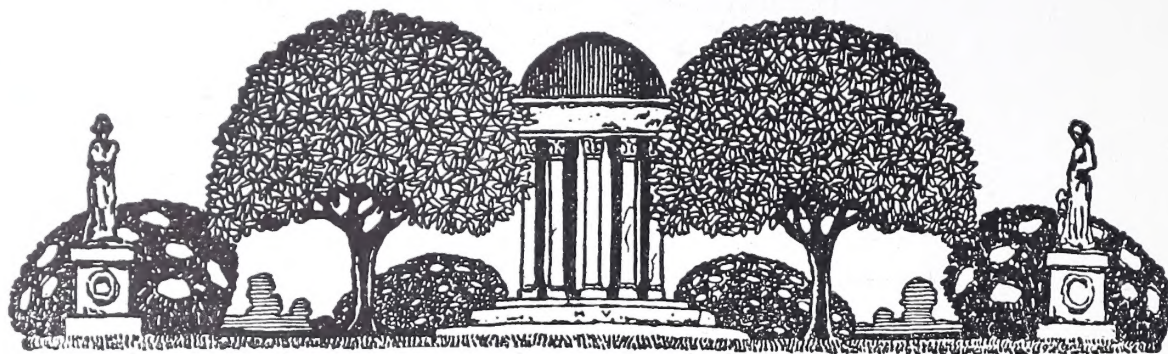
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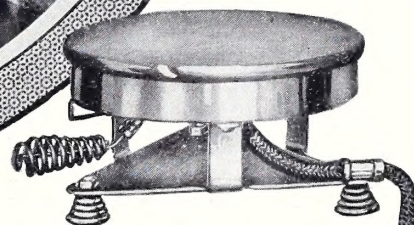
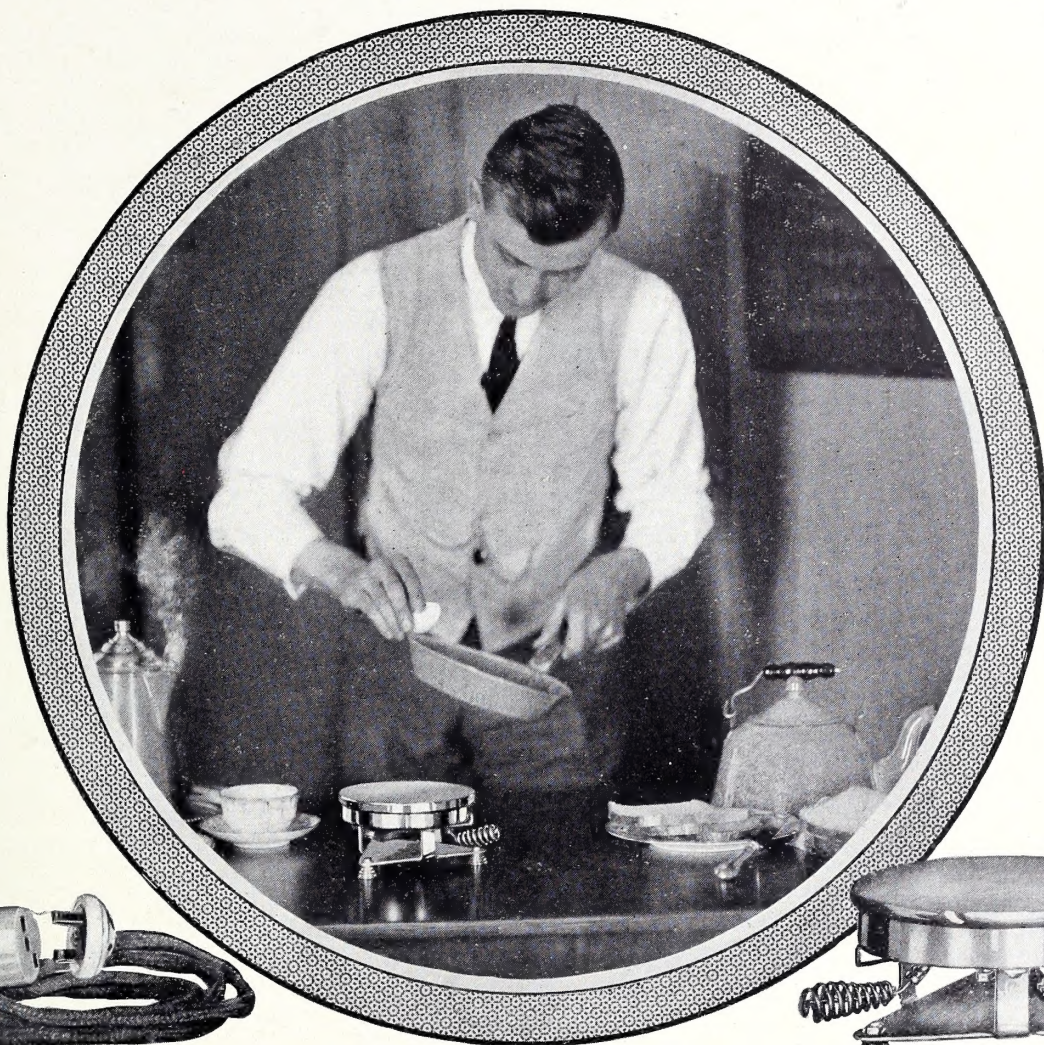


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